

The Bay State Monthly, Volume 3, No. 6 eBook

The Bay State Monthly, Volume 3, No. 6

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[Illustration: Henry W. Paine]

THE BAY STATE MONTHLY.

A Massachusetts Magazine.

Vol. III. November, 1885. No. VI.

* * * * *

HENRY W. PAINE.

By prof. William Mathews, LL.D.

Among the callings acknowledged to be not only useful, but indispensable to society, there is no one, except the medical, which has been oftener the butt of vulgar ridicule and abuse than the legal. "Lawyers and doctors," says a writer on Wit and Humor in the *British Quarterly Review*, "are the chief objects of ridicule in the jest-books of all ages." But whatever may be the disadvantages of the Law as a profession, in spite of the aspersions cast upon it by disappointed suitors, over-nice moralists, and malicious wits, it can boast of one signal advantage over all other business callings,—that eminence in it is always a test of ability and acquirement. While in every other profession quackery and pretension may gain for men wealth and honor, forensic renown can be won only by rare natural powers aided by profound learning and varied experience in trying causes. The trickster and the charlatan, who in medicine and even in the pulpit find it easy to dupe their fellow-men, find at the bar that all attempts to make shallowness pass for depth, impudence for wit, and fatal for wisdom, are instantly baffled. Not only is an



acute, sagacious, and austere bench a perilous foe to the trickery of the ignorant or half-prepared advocate, but the veteran practitioners around him are quick to detect every sign of mental weakness, disingenuous artifice, or disposition to substitute sham for reality. Forensic life is, to a large extent, life in the broad glare of day, under the scrutiny of keen-eyed observers and merciless critics. In every cause there are two attorneys engaged, of whom one is a sentinel upon the other; and a blunder, a slip, an exaggeration, or a misrepresentation, never escapes without instant exposure. The popular reputation of a lawyer, it has been well said, is but the winnowed and sifted judgment which reaches the world through the bar, and is therefore made up after severe ordeal and upon standard proof.

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These observations are deemed not inappropriate as an introduction to a sketch of the life of one of the most eminent lawyers of New England, whose career may be regarded as signally worthy of imitation.

Henry William Paine was born August 30th, 1810, in Winslow, Maine. His father, Lemuel Paine, a native of Foxborough, Mass., was a graduate of Brown University, and a lawyer by profession, who began practice in Winslow, Maine, in partnership with Gen. Ripley, afterwards the hero of Lundy's Lane. Owing to poor health, Mr. Paine, sen., soon abandoned the law for other pursuits. He was familiar with the representative English authors, and specially fond of the Greek language and literature, which he cultivated during his life. He had a tenacious memory, and could quote Homer by the page. Henry Paine's mother, Jane Thomson Warren, was the daughter of Ebenezer T. Warren, of Foxborough, the brother of General Joseph Warren, who fell at Bunker Hill. Of the three children of Lemuel and Jane T. (Warren) Paine, Henry William was the second.

After the usual preparatory education, Mr. Paine entered Waterville College (now Colby University) in 1826, and graduated in 1830, at the age of twenty, with the highest honor of his class. During the last year of the college course, he was principal of Waterville Academy, then just founded for the preparation of young men for college. He spent eight hours a day in charge of his pupils, of whom there were eighty-two, and at the same time kept up with his class in the college studies. As a teacher he was greatly beloved and respected by his pupils, whose affection was won by no lack of discipline, but by his kindly sympathy, encouragement, and watchful aid in their studies. He had an eye that could beam with tenderness, or dart lightnings; and it was a fine moral spectacle, illustrating the superiority of mental over physical force, to see a bully of the school, almost twice his size, and who, apparently, could have crushed him if he chose, quail under his eagle gaze, when arraigned at the principal's desk for a misdemeanor. It is doubtful if ever he flogged a scholar; but he sometimes brought the ruler down upon the desk with a force that made the schoolroom ring, and inspired the lawless with a very wholesome respect for his authority. The fact that from that day to this his office has always been a kind of Mecca, to which his old pupils, whether dwellers in "Araby the Blest" or in the sandy wastes of life, have made pious pilgrimages, shows how deeply he was loved and how highly he was honored as a teacher.

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Immediately after graduation Mr. Paine was appointed a Tutor of Waterville College, and discharged the duties of that office for a year. He then began the study of law in the office of his uncle, the late Samuel S. Warren, of China, Maine, and continued the study in the office of William Clark, a noted lawyer in Hallowell, Maine, and, for a year, in the Law School of Harvard University, where he was the classmate of Charles Sumner, Wendell Phillips and B.F. Thomas. In the autumn of 1834, he was admitted to the bar of Kennebec County, Maine. Beginning his professional career at Hallowell, he prosecuted it there with signal success till the summer of 1854, having for twenty years a practice not surpassed by that of any member of the Maine bar. During the sessions of 1836, 1837, and again in that of 1853, he represented the citizens of Hallowell in the lower house of the State Legislature. He was also for five years Attorney for Kennebec County. During his stay in Maine, he was repeatedly offered a seat on the bench of the Supreme Judicial Court of that State; but, having an unconquerable aversion to office of every kind, civil or political, he declined to accept the honor pressed upon him. In 1853 he was offered by his political friends, then the dominant party in the Legislature, a seat in the United States Senate; but he refused to be nominated. In the summer of 1854, in accordance with a long cherished resolve, which he had been prevented from executing before by a promise to his father that he would not leave Maine during that parent's lifetime, he removed to Cambridge, Mass., and opened a law-office in Boston. Here he at once entered upon a large and lucrative practice, both in the State and Federal courts, which kept steadily increasing for over twenty years, till declining health and partial deafness compelled him to withdraw from the courts of justice, and confine himself to office business. During this period, his opinion on abstruse and knotty points of law was often solicited by eminent counsel living outside of Massachusetts, and he sent written opinions to attorneys in nine different states. As Referee and Master in Chancery, he was called upon to arbitrate in a great number of difficult and complicated cases, involving the ownership and disposition of large amounts of property. His decisions in these vexed cases, which often involved the unravelling of tangled webs of testimony, and the consideration of the nicest and most delicate questions of law, were luminous and masterly, and so impartial withal, that the litigants must have often been convinced of their justness, if not contented,—*etiam contra quos statuit, aequos placatosque dimisit.*

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In 1863 and 1864 Mr. Paine was nominated, without his consent, by the Democratic party of Massachusetts, a candidate for the office of Governor. With much reluctance he accepted the nomination, but, as he expected, and doubtless to his joy, failed of an election. In 1867, on the resignation of Chief Justice Bigelow, the office of Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts was offered by Governor Bullock to Mr. Paine, who, not wishing to give up his large and profitable practice at the bar, declined to accept. This decision, though a natural one, is much to be regretted by the citizens of this state. Coming from an eminently judicial mind, his decisions, had he sat on the bench, would have been models of close, cogent reasoning, clearness, and brevity, worthy of the best days of the Massachusetts judiciary.

Shortly after his removal to this State Mr. Paine was associated with Rufus Choate and F.O.J. Smith in the defence of Judge Woodbury Davis, of Portland, Maine, who had been impeached by the Legislature of that State for misconduct in his judicial office. In an editorial article upon the trial, which appeared after its termination, in the Kennebec Journal, published at Augusta, the Hon. James G. Blaine, the writer, declared epigrammatically that, in the defence of Judge Chase, "Paine furnished the logic, Choate the rhetoric, and Smith the slang."

From 1872 to 1883 Mr. Paine was Lecturer on the Law of Real Property at the Law School of the Boston University, an office whose duties he performed with great credit to himself, and profit to those whom he addressed. So thoroughly was he master of his subject, difficult and intricate as it confessedly is, that in not a single instance, except during the lectures of the last year, did he take a note or scrap of memoranda into the class room.

While he has always been a close and devoted student of the law, Mr. Paine has yet found time for general reading, and has hung for many an hour over the pages of the English classics with keen delight. For Homer and Virgil he still retains the relish of his early days, and, in the intervals of professional toil, has often slaked his thirst for the waters of Helicon in long and copious draughts. How well he appreciated the advantages of an acquaintance with literature, he showed early in a suggestive and instructive lecture on "Reading," which we heard him deliver before the Lyceum at Hallowell more than forty years ago. With his lamented friend Judge B.F. Thomas, he believes that a man cannot be a great lawyer who is nothing else,—that exclusive devotion to the study and practice of the law tends to acumen rather than to breadth, to subtlety rather than to strength. "The air is thin among the apices of the law, as on the granite needles of the Alps. Men must find refreshment and strength in the quiet valleys at their feet."

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With his brethren of the bar Mr. Paine has always held the friendliest relations, and he has enjoyed their highest esteem. To none, even the humblest of his fellow advocates, has he ever manifested any of the haughtiness of a Pinkney, or any of that ruggedness and asperity which gained for the morose and sullen Thurlow the nickname of *the tiger*. Amid the fiercest janglings and hottest contentions of the bar, he has never forgotten that courtesy which should mark the collision, not less than the friendly intercourse, of cultivated and polished minds. His victories, won easily by argumentative ability, tact, and intellectual keenness, unaided by passion, have strikingly contrasted with the costly victories of advocates less self-restrained. Though naturally witty and quick at retort, he has never used the weapon in a way to wound the feelings of an adversary. In examining and cross-examining witnesses, he has assumed their veracity, whenever it has been possible to do so; and though he has had the eye of a lynx and the scent of a hound for prevarication in all its forms, yet he has never sought by browbeating and other arts of the pettifogger, to confuse, baffle, and bewilder a witness, or involve him in self-contradiction. Adopting a quiet, gentle, and straightforward, though full and careful examination, winning the good-will of the witness, and inspiring confidence in the questioner, Mr. Paine has been far more successful in extracting the truth, even from reluctant lips, than the most artful legal bully. He knows that the manoeuvres and devices which are best adapted to confuse an honest witness, are just what the dishonest one is best prepared for. It was not for all the blustering violence of the tempest, that the traveler would lay aside his cloak. The result was brought about by the mild and genial warmth of the sun.

Few advocates have had more success with juries than the subject of this sketch. The secret of this success has been, not more the admirable lucidity and cogency of his addresses, than the confidence and trust with which his reputation for fairness and truthfulness, and his evident abhorrence of exaggeration, have inspired his hearers. Another explanation is, that he has avoided that rock on which so many advocates wreck their cases,—prolixity. Knowing that, as Sir James Scarlett once said, when a lawyer exceeds a certain length of time, he is always doing mischief to his client,—that, if he drives into the heads of the jury unimportant matter, he drives out matter more important than he had previously lodged there,—Mr. Paine has taken care to press home the leading points of his case, giving slight attention to the others.

That Mr. Paine has been animated in the pursuit of his profession by higher motives than those which fire the zeal of the mere “hired master of tongue-fence,” is shown by the comparative smallness of his fees, especially in cases exacting great labor. Great as has been his success in winning verdicts, and sound as have been his opinions, it is doubtful whether there is another lawyer living of equal eminence, whose charges for legal service have been so uniformly moderate.

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Reference has been made to Mr. Paine's wit. Several striking examples might be cited; but two must suffice. Some years ago, when he was County Attorney, a man who had been indicted in Kennebec County for arson, was tried, and acquitted by the jury on the ground that he was an *idiot*. After the trial, the Judge before whom the case had been tried, sought to reconcile Mr. Paine to the verdict by some explanatory remarks. "Oh, I'm quite satisfied, your Honor," said Mr. Paine, "with the defendant's acquittal. He has been tried by a jury of his *peers*"—On another occasion, Mr. Paine was making a legal argument before an eminent judge, when he was interrupted by the latter, who said: "Mr. Paine, you know that that is not law." "I know it, your Honor," replied the advocate, with a deferential bow; "but it was law till your Honor just spoke."

From 1849 to 1862, Mr. Paine was a member of the Board of Trustees of Waterville College. In 1851, he was elected member of the Maine Historical Society, and also of the American Academy. In 1854, his Alma Mater conferred on him the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws.

In the relation of marriage, Mr. Paine has been very happy. In May, 1837, he was united to Miss Lucy E. Coffin, of Newburyport, a lady of rare endowments, both of head and heart.

Few men have started in a professional career with a more vigorous and elastic constitution than Mr. Paine's. Endowed with an iron frame and nerves of *lignum vitae*, he very naturally felt in youth that his fund of physical energy was inexhaustible; but, like thousands of other professional men in this fiery and impatient age, he finds himself in the autumn of his life afflicted with bodily ills, which he feels that with reasonable care he might have escaped. Toiling in his profession year after year from January to December, with no recreation, no summer vacation, no disposition to follow the wise advice of Horace to Torquatus,—

rebus ommissis

Atria servanem postico falle clientem,

—working double tides, and crowding the work of eighty years into forty, Mr. Paine finds that, large as was his bank account with Nature, he has been overdrawing it for years, and that he has now to repay these drafts with compound interest. The lesson he would have young professional men learn from his experience, is, that they should account no time or money wasted, that contributes in any way to their physical health,—that gives tone to the stomach, or development to the muscles. Let them understand that, though suffering does not follow instantly upon the heels of transgression, yet Nature cannot be outraged with impunity. Though a generous giver she is a hard bargainer, and a most accurate bookkeeper, whose notice not the eighth part of a cent escapes; and though the items with which she debits one, taken singly are seemingly insignificant, and she seldom brings in "that little bill" till a late day, yet, added up at the end of three score

years and ten, they may show a frightful balance against him, which can have no result but physical bankruptcy.

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In Mr. Paine's physiognomy the most noticeable features are the broad, massive, Websterian forehead, and the sparkling eyes.

In summing up the characteristics of Mr. Paine as a lawyer and as a man, the writer, who was his pupil at Waterville Academy, and has enjoyed his friendship to this day, cannot do better than to cite the words of an acute observer who has known him intimately for many years. Chief Justice Appleton, of Maine, did not exaggerate, when he said: "He is a gentleman of a high order of intellect; of superior culture; in private life, one of the most genial of companions; in his profession, a profound and learned lawyer, as well as an accomplished advocate."

To conclude,—if the subject of this imperfect sketch has occasion to regret his excessive devotion to his calling, he can have no other regrets. At the close of a long, most useful, and most honorable career, which has been marked throughout by the severest conscientiousness and the most scrupulous discharge of every professional duty, he is happily realizing that blessedness which Sir William Blackstone, when exchanging the worship of the Muses for that of Themis, prayed might crown the evening of his days:—

"Thus though my noon of life be past,
Yet let my setting sun at last
Find out the still, the rural cell,
Where sage Retirement loves to dwell!
There let me taste the homefelt bliss
Of innocence and inward peace;
Untainted by the guilty bribe,
Uncursed amid the harpy tribe;
No orphan cry to wound my ear,
My honor and my conscience clear;
Thus may I calmly meet my end,
Thus to the grave in peace descend."

* * * * *

PICKETT'S CHARGE.

By Charles A. Patch, mass., Vols.

In all great wars involving the destinies of nations, it is neither the number of battles, nor the names, nor the loss of life, that remain fixed in the mind of the masses; but simply the one decisive struggle which either in its immediate or remote sequence closes the conflict. Of the hundred battles of the great Napoleon, Waterloo alone lingers in the memory. The Franco-Prussian War, so fraught with changes to Europe, presents but

one name that will never fade,—Sedan. Even in our own country, how few battles of the Revolution can we enumerate; but is there a child who does not know that Bunker Hill sounded the death-knell of English rule in the land? And now, but twenty years since the greatest conflict of modern times was closed at Appomattox, how few can we readily recall of the scores of blood-stained battle-fields on which our friends and neighbors fought and fell; but is there one, old or young, cultured or ignorant, of the North or of the South, that cannot speak of Gettysburg? But what is Gettysburg either in its first day's Federal defeat, or its second day's terrible slaughter around Little Round Top, without the *third* day's immortal charge by Pickett and his brave Virginians. In it we have the culmination of the Rebellion. It took long years after to drain *all* the life-blood from the foe, but never again did the wave of Rebellion rise so gallantly high as when it beat upon the crest of Cemetery Ridge.

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The storming of the heights of Inkerman, the charge of the noble Six Hundred, the fearful onslaught of the Guards at Waterloo, the scaling of Lookout Mountain,—have all been sung in story, and perhaps always will be; but they all pale beside the glory that will ever enshroud the heroes who, with perhaps not literally “cannon to right of them” and “cannon to left of them,” but with a hundred cannon belching forth death in *front* of them, hurled themselves into the centre of a great army and had victory almost within their grasp.

To describe this charge, we will go back to the evening of the 2nd of July, and recall upon what basis the cautious Lee could undertake so fearful a responsibility. The victorious Southrons fresh from their triumphs at Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville had entered the North carrying consternation and dismay to every hamlet, with none to oppose; their forward march was one of spoil, and it was not till the 1st of July that they met their old foemen, the Army of the Potomac, in the streets of Gettysburg, and after a fierce conflict drove them back. The second day's conflict was a terrible slaughter, and at its close the Federal Army, although holding its position, was to a certain extent disheartened. Many of our best generals and commanding officers were killed or wounded, scores of regiments and batteries were nearly wiped out, Sickles' line was broken and driven in and its position was held by Longstreet. Little Round Top, the key of the position, was held only at a frightful loss of life, and Ewell upon the right had gained a footing upon the Ridge. The Rebel army was joyful and expectant of victory. The morning of the 3rd of July opened clear and bright, and one hundred thousand men faced each other awaiting the signal of conflict; but, except the pushing of Ewell from his position, the hours passed on relieved only by the rumbling of artillery carriages as they were massed by Lee upon Seminary Ridge, and by Meade upon Cemetery Ridge. At twelve o'clock Lee ascended the cupola of the Pennsylvania College, in quiet surveyed the Union lines, and decided to strike for Hancock's Centre. Meanwhile, Pickett with his three Virginia brigades had arrived from Chambersburg and taken cover in the woods of Seminary Ridge. What Lee's feelings must have been, as he looked at the hundred death-dealing cannon massed on Cemetery Hill, and the fifty thousand men waiting patiently in front and behind them, men whose valor he knew well in many a bitter struggle—and then looked at his handful of brave Virginians, three, small, decimated brigades which he was about to hurl into that vortex of death,—no one will ever know. The blunder that sent the Light Brigade to death at Balaklava was bad enough, but here were five thousand men waiting to seek victory where, only the day before ten thousand had lost their lives or their limbs in the same futile endeavor. Leaving the college, Lee called a council of his generals at Longstreet's headquarters,

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and the plan of attack was formed. It is said that the level-headed Longstreet opposed the plan, and if so it was but in keeping with his remarkable generalship. The attack was to be opened with artillery fire to demoralize and batter the Federal line, and was to be opened by a signal of two shots from the Washington Artillery. At half-past one the report of the first gun rang out on the still, summer air, followed a minute later by the second, and then came the roar and flash of one hundred and thirty-eight rebel cannon. Almost immediately one hundred Federal guns responded and the battle had begun. Shot and shell tore through the air, crashing through batteries, tearing men and horses to pieces; the very earth seemed to shake and the hills to reel as the terrible thunders re-echoed amongst them. For nearly an hour every conceivable form of ordnance known to modern gunnery hissed and shrieked, whistled and screamed, as it went forth on its death-mission till exhausted by excitement and heat the gunners slackened their fire and silence reigned again.

Then Pickett and his brave legion stood up and formed for the death-struggle; three remnants of brigades consisting of Garnett's brigade:—the 8th, 18th, 19th, 28th, 56th Virginia; Armistead's brigade:—the 9th, 14th, 38th, 53rd, 57th Virginia; Kemper's brigade:—the 1st, 3rd, 7th, 11th, 24th Virginia. Their tattered flags bore the scars of a score of battles and from their ranks the merciless bullet had already taken two-thirds their number. In compact ranks, their front scarcely covering two of Hancock's brigades, with flags waving as if for a gala-day, Gen. Pickett saluted Longstreet and asked, "Shall I go forward, sir?" but it was not in Longstreet's heart to send those heroes of so many battles to certain death; and he turned away his head,—when Pickett with that proud, impetuous air which has earned him the title of the "Ney" of the Rebel army, exclaimed, "Sir! I *shall* lead my division forward!" The orders now rang out, "*Attention! Attention!*" and the men, realizing the end was near, cried out to their comrades, "Good-by, boys! good-by!" Suddenly rang on the air the final order from Pickett himself, as his sabre flashed from its scabbard,—"*column forward! guide centre!*" And the brigades of Kemper, Garnett and Armistead moved towards Cemetery Ridge as one man. Soon Pettigrew's division emerged from the woods and followed in echelon on Pickett's left flank, and Wilcox with his Alabama division moved out to support his right flank—in all about fifteen thousand men. The selection of these supports shows a lack of judgment which it would almost seem impossible for Lee to have made. Pettigrew's division was composed mostly of new troops from North Carolina, and had been terribly used up in the first day's fight, and were in no condition to form part of a forlorn hope. Wilcox's troops had also received very severe punishment in the second day's engagement in his attack on the Ridge and should have been replaced by fresh well-tried brigades. But the movement had now begun and Lee with his generals about him watched anxiously for the result.

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[Illustration: MAJ. GEN. GEORGE E. PICKETT]

It was nearly a mile to the Union lines, and as they advanced over the open plain the Federal artillery opened again, ploughing great lanes through their solid ranks, but they closed up to '*guide centre*' as if upon dress-parade; when half way over Pickett halted his division amidst a terrible fire of shot and shell, and changed his direction by an oblique movement coolly and beautifully made. But here occurred the greatest mistake of all. Wilcox paid no attention to this change of movement, but kept straight on to the front, thus opening a tremendous gap between the two columns and exposing Pickett's right to all the mishaps that afterwards overtook it. To those who have ever faced artillery fire it is marvellous and unexplainable how human beings could have advanced a mile under the terrific fire of a hundred cannon, every inch of air being laden with the missiles of death; but in splendid formation they still came bravely on till within range of the musketry; then the blue line of Hancock's corps arose and poured into their ranks a murderous fire. With a wild yell the rebels pushed on, unfalteringly crossed the Federal line and laid hands upon eleven cannon.

Men fired in each others faces; there were bayonet thrusts, cutting with sabres, hand to hand contests, oaths, curses, yells and hurrahs. The second corps fell back behind the guns to allow the use of grape and double canister, and as it tore through the rebel ranks at only a few paces distant the dead and wounded were piled in ghastly heaps. Still on they came up to the very muzzles of the guns; they were blown away from the cannon's mouth but yet they did not waver. Pickett had taken the key to the position and the glad shout of victory was heard, as, the very impersonation of a soldier, he still forced his troops to the crest of Cemetery Ridge. Kemper and Armistead broke through Hancock's line, scaled the hill and planted their flags on its crest. Just before Armistead was shot, he placed his flag upon a captured cannon and cried "*Give them the cold steel, boys!*"; but valor could do no more, the handful of braves had won immortality but could not conquer an army. Pettigrew's weak division was broken fleeing and almost annihilated. Wilcox, owing to his great mistake in separating his column was easily routed, and Stannard's Vermonters thrown into the gap were creating havoc on Pickett's flank. Pickett, seeing his supports gone, his generals, Kemper, Armistead and Garnett killed or wounded, every field officer of three brigades gone, three-fourths of his men killed or captured, himself untouched but broken-hearted, gave the order for retreat, but band of heroes as they were they fled not; but amidst that still continuous, terrible fire they slowly, sullenly, recrossed the plain,—all that was left of them, but few of five thousand.

[Illustration: Position of troops at time of attack on left centre on 3rd day of battle of Gettysburg.]

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Thus ended the greatest charge known to modern warfare. Made in a most unequal manner against a great army and amidst the most terrific cannonade known in wars, and yet so perfect was the discipline, so audacious the valor that had this handful of Virginians been properly supported they would perhaps have rendered the Federal position untenable, and possibly have established the Southern Confederacy. While other battle-fields are upturned by the plough and covered with waving grain, Cemetery Ridge will forever proudly uphold its monuments telling of glory both to the Blue and the Gray, and our children's children while standing upon its crest will rehearse again of Pickett's wonderful charge.

* * * * *

THE PATRIOT, SAMUEL ADAMS.

BY EDWARD P. GUILD.

[Illustration: SAMUEL ADAMS. FROM COPLEY'S PAINTING.[1]]

Three years ago the old State House in Boston was restored to its original architectural appearance. After having fallen a prey to the ruthless hand of commerce, been surmounted with a "Mansard roof," disfigured by a legion of business signs, made a hitching place for scores of telegraph wires, and lastly been threatened with entire demolition by the ever arrogant spirit of "business enterprise"; the sentiment of patriotic veneration asserted itself and came to the rescue. With an appropriation of \$35,000 from the city, work was begun in the fall of 1881, and by the following July the ancient building had been restored to almost exactly its appearance in the last century. As the Old State House now stands, it is identical with the Town House which Boston first used for its town meeting May 13, 1713. This was nine years before the birth of the man destined to become the foremost character in the Boston town meeting of the eighteenth century—Samuel Adams. Probably no other man who ever lived has been so identified with the history of the Old State House as was he. The town meetings were held in Faneuil Hall after 1742, but through the stormy years when the Assembly met in the old building, Samuel Adams was in constant attendance as clerk. His desk, on which he wrote the first sentences ever ventured for American independence, and by which he arose, and, with hands often tremulous with nervous energy, directed the exciting debates, is to-day in the old Assembly chamber in the western end of the building. In 1774 he went to Congress, but for a long period afterward the Old State House was again his field of labor, as senator, as lieutenant governor and then as governor.

The life of Samuel Adams ought to be more familiar than it is to the patriotic young men of to-day, but some excuse is found in the fact that a popular, concise biography has, until lately, not been written. The excellent three volume work of Mr. Wells, Adams'

great grandson, although admirable as an exhaustive biography, is too voluminous for the common reader; but since the appearance of Prof. Hosmer's recent book[2] there can be no reason why any schoolboy should not have a clear idea of the life of the man who organized the Revolution.

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It is only as a patriot that Samuel Adams claims our attention. Although college bred he was a man of letters only so far as his pen could write patriotic resolutions and scathing letters against the government of King George. These letters were printed for the most part in the "Boston Gazette," published by Edes & Gill in Court Street. As a business man he was never a success. For years he kept the old malt house on Purchase Street, but he gave the business little thought, for his mind was constantly engrossed in public matters, and at last he made no pretext of attending to any matter of private business, depending for support only upon his small salary as clerk of the assembly. No one will ever accuse Samuel Adams of any selfish ambition, and, although his every act will not bear the closest application of the square and rule, yet he never deceived nor used a doubtful method in the least degree for personal gain.

Adams did not begin his public career early in life. In 1764 he was chosen a member of the committee to instruct the representatives just elected to the General Court, and the paper drafted on that occasion is the first document from his pen of which we now have any trace, and is memorable, moreover, because it contains the first public denial of the authority of the Stamp Act. Adams was now forty-two, his hair was already touched with gray, and "a peculiar tremulousness of the head and hands made it seem as if he were already on the threshold of old age." He had, however, a remarkably sound constitution, a medium sized, muscular frame, and clear, steel-gray eyes.

[Illustration: OLD STATE HOUSE IN 1793.]

Among those closely connected with Adams in the public service, which, from this time on, became his only thought, were John Hancock and James Otis. Adams contrasted strongly with both of these men. Hancock was the richest man in the province and as liberal as he was wealthy. In the general jubilation that followed the repeal of the Stamp Act, he opened a pipe of Madeira wine before his elegant mansion opposite the Common, and so long as it lasted it was freely dispensed to the crowd. The dress of Hancock when at home is described as a "red velvet cap, within which was one of fine linen, the edge of this turned up over the velvet one, two or three inches. He wore a blue damask gown lined with silk, a white plaited stock, a white silk embroidered waistcoat, black silk small-clothes, white silk stockings and red morocco slippers." Adams was in marked contrast with Otis in temperament. The former, always cool and collected and his words based on deliberate reason, was the extreme of the other who carried his arguments in a flood of impetuous eloquence. "Otis was a flame of fire," says Sewall. But although Otis was once almost the ideal of the people, his erratic tendencies at last unfitted him for a leader.

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One reason of Sam Adams' prestige with the masses was his common and familiar intercourse with mechanics and artisans. Hancock, Otis, Bowdoin and Curtis, on account of their wealth and ideas of aristocracy, kept more or less aloof from the workmen; while Adams, plainly clad and with familiar but dignified manner, was often found in the ship yards or at the rope walks engaged in earnest conversation with the homely craftsmen. Indeed, nothing pleased him more than to be talking with a ship carpenter as they sat side by side on a block of oak, or with some shopkeeper in a sheltered fence corner. Most of his writing was done in a little room in his Purchase Street house where night after night his busy mind and quill were kept at work on his trenchant letters for the "Gazette," which were signed with significant nom de plumes in Latin.

The year 1768 was made notable by the arrival in Boston from England of the 14th and the 29th regiments. The main guard was quartered in King (now State) Street, with the cannon pointed toward the State House, and the troops occupied various houses in the vicinity. In the next year the Governor, Bernard, was recalled, and Thomas Hutchinson, although remaining nominally lieutenant governor, became acting chief magistrate. He now appeared the most conspicuous figure among the royalists, and Samuel Adams became more distinctly the leader of the patriots. Neglecting all other affairs, he was content to live on a pittance, which he was enabled to do by a frugal and helpful wife.

Affairs were now approaching a crisis. A consignment of goods from England, sent in defiance of the non-importation agreements, was not allowed to land and had to be returned. One importer, a Scotchman, would not sign the agreements, so after much remonstrance, Samuel Adams arose in town meeting and grimly moved that the number present, about two thousand, should resolve itself into a committee of the whole, wait upon the obstinate merchant and use such persuasion as should be necessary to secure a compliance. But no vote was needed, for the Scotchman was present, and rushing to the front with knees trembling and in a squeaking voice, rolling his r's like a well-played drum, exclaimed:— "Mr. Mode-r-r-rater, I agr-r-ree, I agr-r-ree!" greatly to the amusement of the people.

It was early in the next year, 1770, that the hostility between towns-people and soldiers led for the first time to the shedding of blood. In February a boy, Christopher Snyder, was shot and killed during a disturbance, and in March occurred the "Boston Massacre." The story has been many times told. Quarrels had grown frequent between the soldiers and the rope-walk hands, the soldiers usually getting the worst of it. On the evening of the 5th, an altercation began just below the Old State House, between the sentinel of the guard and a crowd of townfolk. An alarm was rung from one of the steeples, and many citizens hurried to the place,

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most of them thinking that a fire had broken out. A sentry was at the corner of King and Exchange streets, where the Custom House stood, and he was assaulted by the boys with snowballs. Captain Preston with seven or eight men rushed to the scene, loaded their muskets and made ready to fire. The mob hooted, struck their muskets and dared them to fire. At last a volley came. Three were killed and eight wounded. At once there was a tumult. The bells were all rung and the populace hurried to and fro. The bodies of the slain lay on the ground which was sprinkled with a light snow, serving to plainly reveal in the clear moon-light the stains of blood.

[Illustration: OLD STATE HOUSE IN 1801.]

The 29th regiment repaired to the spot prepared for firing, and there would have been a fierce contest but for the excellent conduct of the acting governor, Hutchinson. He took Captain Preston severely to task for firing at the people without the orders of a civil magistrate, and then, quickly working his way to the State House, took his stand in the balcony of the council-chamber looking down King Street, and made an address promising that the law should prevail and justice should be done to all. The next morning Hutchinson was waited upon by the selectmen who informed him that there would be no peace until the soldiers should depart. Hutchinson claimed, however, that the regiments were not under his command.

A mass meeting was soon held in Faneuil Hall, and was addressed by Samuel Adams. It may readily be believed that he advocated no compromise, and a committee of fifteen was immediately appointed of which Adams was a member. According to instructions, they at once repaired to the council chamber, and demanded the instant removal of the troops. At three o'clock a regular town meeting assembled in Faneuil Hall, but, owing to the great number present, adjourned to the Old South Meeting House. Then the committee of fifteen appeared making their way from the council-chamber to the meeting-house. Samuel Adams was at the head, and as the crowd made way on either hand he bared his head, and, inclining to the right and left, as he passed through the line, kept repeating: "Both regiments or none!" "Both regiments or none!"

[Illustration: STATUE IN ADAMS SQUARE.]

In the presence of the dense multitude in the Old South, the governor's reply was rendered: the 29th regiment should go to the castle, but the 14th must remain. Then the cry arose, "Both regiments or none!" and as the shout echoed from every quarter it was plain that the people had caught the meaning of the watchword, given shortly before by Adams. A new committee, also including Adams, was appointed and sent back to the governor, and as they stood in the council chamber the scene was one that John Adams pronounced long after as worthy a historical painting. A few sentences

from Adams' address to Hutchinson are clear enough to show the intense earnestness and patriotism of the man.

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"It is well known," he said, "that acting as governor of the Province, you are by its charter the commander-in-chief of the military forces within it; and as such, the troops now in the capital are subject to your orders. If you, or Colonel Dalrymple under you, have the power to remove one regiment, you have the power to remove both; and nothing short of their total removal will satisfy the people or preserve the peace of the Province. A Multitude highly incensed now wait the result of this application. The voice of ten thousand freemen demands that both regiments be forthwith removed. Their voice must be respected, their demand obeyed. Fail not then at your peril to comply with this requisition! On you alone rests the responsibility of this decision; and if the just expectations of the people are disappointed, you must be answerable to God and your country for the fatal consequences that must ensue. The committee have discharged their duty, and it is for you to discharge yours. They wait your final determination."

Hutchinson for a long time stood firm, but yielded at last and the troops were removed.

It is not the purpose of this paper to follow Samuel Adams through his active career in the years of the Revolution and the succeeding period. It is always Samuel Adams, the unswerving patriot, the adroit leader, the man of the people. It had long been felt in England that his was the most active spirit in the cause of the patriots, and there was much talk of effecting his arrest and bringing him to trial on the charge of treason, but the move was never made. Adams' courage never failed. He had long given up the idea of any compromise between the colonies and the Crown, and there is nothing conciliatory in his words or acts. When the tea was emptied into Boston Harbor it was easily understood that Adams was the real leader in the action. No one familiar with the life of the great town meeting man, as Prof. Hosmer likes to call him, can doubt that he had the essential qualities of an adroit strategist. Cromwell once locked Parliament out, Adams once locked the Assembly in. He had secured a majority of the members to vote for a Continental Congress, but could the resolve be presented and brought to a final vote before Governor Gage could prorogue the Assembly, as he would use all speed to do, the instant the first knowledge of the scheme reached his ears? On the 17th of June, just one year before the Battle of Bunker Hill, that question was answered. The resolve was offered that day providing for the appointment of delegates to such a congress. Tory members at once essayed to leave the hall to dispatch the news to the governor, but the bolts were fast, and Samuel Adams had the key in his pocket. Two months later the delegates were on their way to Philadelphia,—Thomas Cushing, Samuel and John Adams and Robert Treat Paine.

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Events then transpired rapidly. So far, Samuel Adams was almost wholly alone in the idea of independence, but it was declared by Congress less than two years later. For more than twenty years longer, Adams continued in public life, but his greatest work was before the Declaration of Independence rather than after. There were times when the cause of the patriots must have fallen through but for the nerve and skill of this man. Bowdoin, Cushing, Hancock, Otis, and even John Adams could not have been thoroughly trusted in the last years of the colony to bring affairs to a successful issue. But Samuel Adams was fitted by intellect and character, adroitness and courage, tireless energy and by never failing devotion to the public good, to be the man for the time.

When America had become a Republic, and Adams had returned from Congress to his native town, he served as presiding officer of the Senate, then as lieutenant governor, and, upon the death of Hancock, governor, to which office he was several times chosen by the people. He died in 1803, and his dust lies to-day in the old Granary Burying Ground, close by the common grave of the four victims of the Boston Massacre.

The statue in bronze now standing in Adams Square is noble in design, and appropriate for situation. It is in almost the busiest position of the great city, and daily across its shadow pass tens of thousands of mechanics and artisans—the class of men with whom Samuel Adams used to love to hold intercourse. The Old State House and Faneuil Hall are only a stone's-throw distant from the statue, but the face is not looking in the direction of either; it is turned directly toward the visible shaft of granite on Bunker Hill—the monument which marks the first great battle in the struggle for that Independence toward which, in all his labors for so many years, the eyes of Samuel Adams were ever turned.

[Footnote 1: For the reproduction of the above portrait and the two following views of the Old State House, we are indebted to the courtesy of Messrs. Ticknor & Co., the well-known Boston publishers.—Ed.]

[Footnote 2: Samuel Adams. By James K. Hosmer, 1 vol., 442 pp. American Statesmen Series. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1883.]

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AUTHORITATIVE LITERATURE OF THE CIVIL WAR.

BY GEORGE LOWELL AUSTIN.

II.

THE LIFE AND PUBLIC SERVICES OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN, sixteenth President of the United States: together with His State Papers, including his Speeches, Addresses, Messages, Letters, and Proclamations, and the closing Scenes connected with his life and death. By Henry J. Raymond. To which are added Anecdotes and Personal Reminiscences of President Lincoln, by Frank B. Carpenter, with a steel portrait, and other illustrations, 1 vol. octavo, pp. 808.

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New York: Derby and Miller, 1865.

During the Presidential canvass of 1864, the author of this volume prepared a work upon the administration of President Lincoln. That canvass resulted in the re-election of Mr. Lincoln, whose death occurred soon after his second inauguration. As the editor of the *New York Times*, Mr. Raymond possessed at the time ample facilities to prepare such a book as was needed to interest the public in the life of one whose work was at once as great as it was successful. Up to the day of its publication, this book was the best and most authoritative that had been published. Twenty years have since elapsed, and in many respects it still maintains a just superiority and a historical value that cannot be questioned. Its errors are of omission, rather than of commission; while its merits are so great as to render it indispensable to all future writers on the subject. Every public speech, message, letter, or document of any sort of Mr. Lincoln's, so far as accessible in 1865, will be found included in the volume. The rapidly occurring events of the civil war, with much of their secret history, are tersely and graphically described. The "Reminiscences" of Mr. Carpenter, covering about thirty pages, add interest to the volume.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: The True Story of a Great Life. Showing the inner growth, special training and peculiar fitness of the Man for his work. By William O. Stoddard. Illustrated. 1 vol. octavo, pp. 508. New York: Fords, Howard & Hurlbert, 1884.

Mr. Stoddard was one of President Lincoln's secretaries during the civil war, and very naturally his work ought to have strong claims upon the interest and attention of American readers. His book is not of a profound or critical character; but a singularly honest and candid and strictly personal biography, simply written for readers of all ages and degrees of intelligence. It sheds considerable light on the political history of the civil war and on the events which led to it. With the military history, it deals but little. Still its brief, vigorous and vivid sketches furnish an exceedingly fascinating bird's eye view of the great struggle. But its most valuable feature is the clearness with which it depicts Lincoln, the man,—his sagacity and patience at critical moments, his keen perception of "popular" sentiment and disposition, his *individuality*, his distinctive fitness for the tasks and burdens which fell upon him. This work, at once so accurate, so comprehensive, so discriminating and so well written, is one for all Americans, and particularly for younger readers. It has in it a charm possessed but by very few biographies, and a fascination that but few novels can surpass. To enjoy it and to profit by it, one need not always coincide with the author's judgments of men and measures, or his criticisms of military leaders and policies.

THE LIFE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN. By Isaac N. Arnold. 1 vol. octavo, pp. 462. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co., 1885.

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This work also possesses strong claims upon our attention. It was completed only a few days before the death of its eminent author. Furthermore, Mr. Arnold knew President Lincoln better than almost any other man; they had been intimate friends for more than a quarter of a century, thinking, conversing and working together during all that time. When the civil war broke out, Mr. Arnold entered Congress; became one of the most trusted advisers of the President; and no one better than he knew and comprehended the latter's thoughts and intentions; even the cabinet officers and the private secretaries never approached so near to the heart and mind of President Lincoln as did his life long, trusted and admired friend. In 1867, Mr. Arnold published a "History of Abraham Lincoln and the Overthrow of Slavery" which is a work of rare interest and of exceptional historic value. But this work, in the judgment of the author, was unsatisfactory from the fact that, while it depicted well enough the *times*, it failed to portray the *life* of President Lincoln. The later volume meets the deficiency, and in fact leaves absolutely nothing to be desired. The spirit of tenderness broods over its charming pages. Singularly unpretentious, its very simplicity is eloquent and inspiring, and makes the heart of the reader blend with the grand and noble heart of its subject. Its accuracy is unmarred; it explains all doubts that have ever existed in regard to Mr. Lincoln's motives and acts; it asserts nothing without proving it; it tells the plain, straightforward story, and leaves criticism to others. As a *personal* biography of Mr. Lincoln's life and character, this book is not only unsurpassed, but it deserves to rank as one of the classics in our native literature.

THE POLITICAL CONSPIRACIES PRECEDING THE REBELLION; or the True Story of Sumter and Pickens, By Thomas M. Anderson, Lieut. Col. U.S.A. 1 vol. quarto, pp. 100. New York: G.P. Putnam's Sons, 1883.

The author assumes that there were "a number of conspiracies" antedating the immediate outbreak of the civil war, but makes no claim that the war was the result of such conspiracies. His narrative, then, is merely descriptive of the events which took place in the period between October 1860 and April 1861, purely *resume* in character and wholly based upon the disclosures of the Official Records. The author allows himself to criticise men and acts rather freely, and at times captiously; and has evidently intended his book to be a defence of his brother, the hero of Sumter, against certain charges which were once made against him. The old hero needs no defender, even if we suppose that he ever merited criticism. The volume is a small one,—trustworthy as regards its statements and valuable for reference. It may profitably be read in conjunction with the second volume of Mr. Curtis's *Life of James Buchanan*, also with the small volume, by General Doubleday, entitled *The Reminiscences of Forts Sumter and Pickens in 1860-61*.

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THE PENINSULAR CAMPAIGN OF GENERAL MCCLELLAN IN 1862. Papers read before the Military Historical Society of Massachusetts in 1876-77-78 and 80. Printed for the Society. Vol. I, octavo, pp. 249. Boston: James R. Osgood and Company, 1881.

The Military Society of Massachusetts was organized in 1876, with the object of investigating questions relating to the civil war. Up to the date of the publication of this volume, about forty papers were read, six of them being devoted to the Peninsular Campaign of 1862, eleven to General Pope's campaign of 1862, three to the campaign of Chancellorsville, three to the Antietam campaign, sixteen to the campaign of 1864, and one each to the battle of Mobile Bay and Grouchy controversy,—all, with the exception of the last two, bearing upon the operations of the Army of the Potomac in 1862 and 1864, and including discussions from different standpoints of the objects and general plans of the several campaigns and battles in which it participated, and of the controverted questions that have arisen concerning them. The first printed volume of the Society contains the following papers:—"General McClellan's Plans for the campaign of 1862, and the Alleged Interference of the Government with them," by John C. Ropes, Esq: "The Siege of Yorktown," by Bvt.-Brig.-Gen. John C. Palfrey, U.S.A.: "The Period which elapsed between the Fall of Yorktown and the Beginning of the Seven-Days-Battles," by Bvt.-Brig.-Gen. Francis W. Palfrey, U.S.V. "The Seven-Days Battles—to Malvern Hill," by same author. "The Battle of Malvern Hill," by same author; "Comments on the Peninsular Campaign," by Bvt.-Brig.-Gen. Charles A. Whittier, U.S.V. All of these are earnest discussions,—but of unequal worth—of the various merits or demerits of General McClellan in the Peninsular campaign, or the attitude of the government toward him at that time. The ground is traversed as often before; all the old arguments are again brought into comparison, and a very small amount of *new* evidence is discovered. What has previously been said in many books and pamphlets and by a score of writers, is here said in one volume by three writers. But nothing appears to be *freshly* said, and, as usual, the conclusions reached are colored by the political likes or dislikes of their several writers. The sole merit of the volume lies in the fact that its papers embody a mass of very valuable material, gleaned from trustworthy sources, for the future historian. It is very safe to assume, however, that the future historian while expressing gratitude for their investigations, will not be tempted to place much weight upon the conclusions of the gentlemen who hold the monopoly of this volume but have not solved a single mooted question.

LIFE OF JAMES BUCHANAN, Fifteenth President of the United States. By George Ticknor Curtis. 2 vols. octavo, pp. 625, 707. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1883.

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The second volume of this exceedingly painstaking and meritorious biography sheds much light upon the events preceding, and those transpiring during, the civil war. As another writer has remarked, "there is something very pitiable, something almost tragic, in the figure of James Buchanan during the last months of his administration." He found himself wavering between two factions, between Right and Wrong. So long as he wavered, the South stood by him; when he ceased to be a wary politician and manifested a decision of character such as the times demanded, the South turned against him as one man. His biographer proves conclusively that the weak and time-serving President was *opposed* to secession; but as positively proves without intending to do so, that he favored it by his singular unfitness and indifference in emergencies. When secession threatened, Mr. Buchanan took the ground that he would not precipitate war by applying force to prevent a State from seceding, but that he would defend the flag and property of the United States. With this policy in his heart, he permitted public property to be seized, without striking a blow; he discovered treason in his cabinet, and coolly allowed the traitors to consummate their work and to depart. The fact was, that he was a very weak man, and his biographer is the best authority for the statement. The work is important; it will always, as it richly merits, be consulted by students, and may be read with interest and profit by all.

(To be continued.)

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ASSESSMENT LIFE INSURANCE.

BY SHEPPARD ROMANS.

Life insurance, by whatever system, plan or method, has, for its fundamental basis, the laws governing the rates of mortality at the different ages. These fundamental laws have been developed and made clear by a vast amount of statistical data obtained from observations among persons insured in life insurance companies among annuitants, among inhabitants of various towns and cities, and among the whole population in certain countries, notably in England and in Belgium. One uniform, unvarying, certain law has been thus established, which is that the rate of mortality, or in other words the cost of insurance, increases as a man grows older. From this law there is no escape. We must accept the inevitable. Hence any system of insurance which is not in accordance with this first principle, this unalterable law of nature, is unsound, and any company, whether charging level premiums or natural premiums, which does not recognize and conform to this fundamental law of nature, is doomed to disaster and wreck, sooner or later.

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There are two methods of life insurance worthy of the name, and two only. The one is by payments accurately adjusted to the cost of insurance at each actual age, and which inevitably, unavoidably and inexorably, must increase with the age of the person insured, and the other is by level, or uniform payments extending over the whole duration of life or for a stated number of years. The first is the natural system and has been adopted *in part*, and imperfectly, by assessment companies; the second is the artificial system, and is the one which has been offered exclusively until lately, by all the regular life insurance companies. Properly carried out, the one is as sound in theory and as safe in practice as the other. In fact, the artificial premiums are the exact mathematical or commuted equivalents of the natural premiums.

Until within the last decade, the level premium system was practically the only one in use. Since then there have come into existence hundreds of co-operative or assessment companies. These institutions have had a wonderful growth. It is claimed that the number of members and the amounts insured, double those, respectively, in the old or regular companies.

Assessment companies do not, strictly speaking, grant insurance. They are rather agencies, or trust companies, and their functions or covenants are to make assessments upon survivors when deaths occur, and to pay over the proceeds of such assessments to the beneficiaries of the deceased members. There is no definite promise to pay in full, and no obligation to pay more than the assessments yield. There is no capital, no risk, no *insurance!* It is a voluntary association of individuals. There is usually but little if any penalty for discontinuance of membership, and the permanence of such institutions depends mainly upon the volition of their members. They spring into existence suddenly by the voluntary association of a few individuals without capital or personal risk, and as suddenly they may go out of existence by the voluntary act or withdrawal of their members. A breath may create, a breath destroy.

It must be evident then to the merest tyro, that the permanence and success of assessment companies depend upon the most rigid observance of those principles which science and sound business experience have demonstrated to be fundamental. Among these principles may be mentioned the following.

1. Rates of assessments or payments adjusted to the cost of insurance at the actual age of each person. These rates must inevitably and inexorably increase with the age of the individual.
2. The creation of a guaranty, or emergency fund, available not only to meet extra mortality, but as a cement to secure cohesion among the members, and prevent the exodus of the sound lives.
3. An assessment in advance at issue of certificate, otherwise some persons will be insured for nothing and the cost will fall on the persistent members.

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As was well said by a contributor in your last number, assessment insurance has its defects, and these are well known to the managers of these institutions, and that great improvements have been made by the National Convention of assessment companies, which is composed of representatives from the best companies organized in almost every state. They recognize existing defects, they point out the remedies, and yet, but few seem to have the courage of their convictions. It is a fact beyond dispute, that with perhaps a half-dozen exceptions, the rates of assessment in every assessment company in the country remain constant as at the age of entry. That is to say, a man entering at the age of forty, pays the rate at forty only, as long as he remains a member. This is a direct violation of the inexorable law of nature which says, that as a man grows older the risk of dying, or in other words the cost of insurance, increases. It is all nonsense to urge that the *average* age and the average cost will be kept down by the influx of new members. The contract is made with the individual, and unless each person pays enough to compensate the company for the indemnity or insurance furnished to him, it follows of necessity, that others will be overcharged in order to meet the deficiency so occasioned. And this evil is intensified each year as the company grows older. When younger and fresher men find that they are overcharged in order to meet deficiencies arising from the act that older and inferior risks pay less than cost, they will either not enter, or, if members, will speedily desert and join an institution which is on a sounder and more equitable basis. No institution can be permanently successful which does not observe equity. I have no hesitation in saying that every assessment or corporation company which violates this fundamental law of nature by not making its rates of assessment increase with the age of the individuals insured, is *doomed*, and that disaster and wreck is only a question of time. This is not a new opinion. It's truth is attested by more than one wreck in this country already.

In every level, or uniform premium, there is a provision for the payment to the company of the rate of insurance at the actual present age, (no matter at what age the insurance was affected) on the net amount at risk.

The great danger for co-operative or assessment companies lies in the facility with which such institutions may be organized, and by men without capital, character, experience or financial ability, who may thus be ushered into corporate existence by the indulgent laws of different states.

The members of the National Association of assessment companies should see to it that the laws of the different states should be so amended as to require at least a small capital, say \$25,000, as a guaranty of good faith and ability on the part of the promoters, and that no company should be admitted to membership unless its system was founded on sound principles as demonstrated by science and business experience.

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The managers of assessment companies should be careful lest their claims should prove to be unfounded. For instance, the writer of the article in your last number boldly asserts that it "is susceptible of mathematical demonstration that one or two million of dollars of reserve is adequate to perpetuate any well-conducted assessment company for all time, however large or small it may be, while the spectacle is presented to us of level premium companies holding fifty to one hundred millions of accumulations belonging to their policy holders, from which no possible benefit, in most cases, will ever accrue to them." On reflection he must see the absurdity of such statements.

The level premium system is a combination of insurance and investments. The hundred millions are *investments*, and are necessary for the integrity of the level premium contracts. Any assessment company in which the rates do not increase as the members grow older should be compelled to have the full premium reserve required by state law and actuarial science to be held on level premium contracts. This is capable of mathematical demonstration.

It must be borne in mind that the cost of insurance *proper*, that is, the provision to meet current death claims alone, is quite as high in the best assessment company as in a regular life insurance company, for this cost depends on the careful selection of lives. The difference in the two institutions is that the former dispenses with the investment element, while the latter exacts it in connection with all their contracts. Hence the price to be paid is greater. But is not the *guarantee* also greater?

The beneficiary under a death claim in an assessment company has for her security the *hope*, or promise if you please, that one thousand men will pay ten dollars each for her account. The beneficiary under a death claim in a regular life insurance company has for her security not only the actual payments of ten dollars each by one thousand men, but the definite promise to pay in full by an institution which has ample capital, assets, and surplus to back its contracts.

Assessment insurance is yet on trial, and its only hope of permanent business lies in a rigid compliance with the laws of mortality and of sound business experience.

* * * * *

THE OLD STATE HOUSE.

BY SIDNEY MAXWELL.

The Old State House! Within these antique walls
The early fathers of the hamlet met
And gravely argued of the town's affairs.
Another generation came; and in

This hall the Tory Council sat in state
While from the burning lips of Otis, or
The stem, defiant tongue of Adams sprang
That eloquence whose echoes thundered back
From Concord, Lexington, and Bunker's Hill!
Between those years and ours a century lies;
Those patriot's graves are deep

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with moss and mould,
And yet these walls—the same whose shadows fell
Athwart the crimson snow where Preston charged^[3]—
Still cast their shadows; not on troops, nor mob
Exasperated by their wrongs, but on
A jostling, hurrying throng—freeman each one,
Unless in bondage to himself. O Man:
Pass not all heedless by, nor imprecate
This aged relic of the past because
It lies across thy path! From avarice
Redeemed; restored unto its former self,—
We hail thee, noble Sentry of the years,
And greet thee with a thousand loving cheers!

[Footnote 3: The “Boston Massacre,” March 5th, 1770.]

* * * * *

THE PRECIOUS METALS.

BY DAVID N. BALFOUR.

From the earliest times to the commencement of the Christian Era, the amount of the gold and silver obtained from the surface and mines of the earth is estimated to be \$5,084,000,000; from the latter event to the epoch of the discovery of America, \$4,363,374,000 were obtained; from the date of the last event to the end of 1842, an addition of \$8,500,000,000 was made; the extensive working of the Russian gold mines in 1843, and subsequent years, added to the close of 1852, \$1,400,000,000 more; the quadruple discovery of the California gold mines in 1848, those of Australia in 1851, of New Zealand in 1861, and the silver mines of Nevada and other countries bordering upon the Pacific slope of the United States, added, at the close of 1884, \$7,093,626,000, making a grand total at the present time of \$26,441,000,000.

The average loss by the attrition of coin is estimated by Prof. Bowen at one-fortieth of one per cent, per annum; and the average loss by consumption in the arts, and destruction by fire and shipwreck, at \$9,000,000 per annum. The amount of the precious metals in existence is estimated to be \$13,670,000,000, of which gold furnishes \$8,166,000,000, and silver \$5,504,000,000. Of the amount now in existence, \$10,500,000,000 are estimated to be in coin and bullion, \$2,000,000,000 in watches, and the remainder in plate, jewelry, and ornaments. Of the amount now in existence, \$9,448,000,000 is estimated to have been obtained from America, \$1,908,000,000 from

Asia (including Australia, New Zealand, and Oceanica); \$1,004,000,000 from Europe, and \$1,310,000,000 from Africa.

The following statement will exhibit the product of the precious metals throughout the world in 1884:—

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Countries.	Gold. (America)	Silver.	Total.
Alaska,	\$300,000	\$30,000	\$320,000
British Columbia,	2,000,000	80,000	2,080,000
United States,	30,800,000	48,800,000	79,600,000
Mexico,	1,000,000	30,000,000	31,000,000
Guatemala,	40,000	200,000	240,000
Honduras,	50,000	50,000	100,000
San Salvador,	100,000	150,000	250,000
Nicaragua,	100,000	100,000	200,000
Costa Rica,	50,000	50,000	100,000
Columbia,	1,900,000	500,000	2,400,000
Venezuela,	3,000,000	200,000	3,200,000
Guiana,	75,000	50,000	125,000
Brazil,	400,000	50,000	450,000
Bolivia,	50,000	12,980,000	13,030,000
Chili,	60,000	5,000,000	5,060,000
Argentine Republic,	50,000	200,000	250,000
Patagonia,	\$10,000	\$5,000	\$10,000
Other countries,	15,000	45,000	60,000
<hr/> Total,	<hr/> \$40,000,000	<hr/> \$98,480,000	<hr/> \$138,480,000

EUROPE.

Countries. Gold. (America) Silver. Total.

Russia,	\$22,000,000	\$300,000	\$22,300,000
Prussia,	900,000	8,000,000	8,900,000
Spain,	70,000	2,500,000	2,570,000
Austria,	950,000	1,500,000	2,450,000
Norway,	60,000	300,000	360,000
Other Countries,	20,000	320,000	340,000
<hr/> Total,	<hr/> \$24,000,000	<hr/> \$12,920,000	<hr/> \$36,920,000

ASIA.

Countries. Gold. (America) Silver. Total.



Borneo,	\$700,000	\$470,000	\$1,170,000
China,	600,000	450,000	1,050,000
Japan,	120,000	353,000	473,000
Total,	\$1,420,000	\$1,273,000	\$2,693,000
Australia,	\$26,000,000	\$80,000	\$26,080,000
New Zealand,	4,000,000	500,000	4,500,000
Africa,	2,000,000	500,000	2,500,000
Oceania,	580,000	247,000	827,000
Grand Total,	\$98,000,000	\$114,000,000	\$212,000,000

The following statement will exhibit the annual product of the precious metals at different periods:—

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Periods. Gold. Silver. Total.

A.D. 14,	\$800,000	\$4,200,000	\$5,000,000
A.D. 500,	200,000	2,800,000	3,000,000
A.D. 1000,	120,000	880,000	1,000,000
A.D. 1492,	100,000	150,000	250,000
A.D. 1550,	800,000	3,200,000	4,000,000
A.D. 1600,	2,000,000	9,000,000	11,000,000
A.D. 1700,	5,000,000	18,000,000	23,000,000
A.D. 1800,	17,000,000	38,000,000	55,000,000
A.D. 1843,	52,000,000	42,000,000	94,000,000
A.D. 1850,	106,000,000	47,000,000	153,000,000
A.D. 1853,	236,000,000	49,000,000	285,000,000
A.D. 1863,	208,000,000	63,000,000	271,000,000

The following statement will exhibit the amount of the precious metals estimated to be in existence at different periods:

Periods. Gold. Silver. Total.

A.D. 14,	\$427,000,000	\$909,000,000	\$1,327,000,000
A.D. 500,	100,000,000	400,000,000	500,000,000
A.D. 1000,	65,000,000	200,000,000	265,000,000
A.D. 1492,	57,000,000	135,000,000	192,000,000
A.D. 1550,	76,000,000	284,000,000	360,000,000
A.D. 1600,	105,000,000	391,000,000	496,000,000
A.D. 1700,	351,000,000	1,410,000,000	1,761,000,000
A.D. 1800,	1,125,000,000	3,622,000,000	4,747,000,000
A.D. 1843,	1,975,000,000	5,040,000,000	7,015,000,000
A.D. 1850,	2,368,000,000	4,963,000,000	7,331,000,000
A.D. 1853,	2,942,000,000	4,945,000,000	7,887,000,000
A.D. 1863,	5,107,000,000	4,945,000,000	10,052,000,000
A.D. 1884,	8,166,000,000	5,504,000,000	13,670,000,000

The following statement will exhibit the amount of the precious metals estimated to have been obtained from the surface and mines of the earth, from the earliest times to the close of 1884:—

Periods. Gold. Silver. Total.

A.C.	\$2,171,000,000	\$2,913,000,000	\$5,084,000,000
A.D. to 1492,	3,842,374,000	521,000,000	4,363,374,000
1493 to 1842,	2,700,000,000	5,800,000,000	8,500,000,000
1843 to 1852,	900,000,000	500,000,000	1,400,000,000
1853 to 1862,	1,869,000,000	560,000,000	2,429,000,000
1863 to 1884,	3,145,626,000	1,519,000,000	4,664,626,000
<hr/> Grand Total,	<hr/> \$14,628,000,000	<hr/> \$11,813,000,000	<hr/> \$26,441,000,000

During the first period (prior to the commencement of the Christian Era,) the annual product of the precious metals was \$2,000,000; during the second period (prior

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to the discovery of America,) it was \$3,000,000; during the third period (prior to the extensive working of the Russian gold mines, in 1843,) it was \$26,000,000; during the fourth period (prior to the double discovery of the California gold mines in 1858, and the Australia gold mines in 1851,) it was \$140,000,000; during the fifth period (which immediately succeeded afore-mentioned discoveries,) it was \$243,000,000; during the sixth period (immediately succeeding the double discovery of the New Zealand gold mines in 1861, and the silver mines of Nevada and other countries bordering on the Pacific slope of the United States,) it was \$212,000,000. The annual products of the precious metals attained its acme in 1853, when it was \$285,000,000. The increase in the amount of the precious metals in existence has been greater during the last forty-years than during the previous two hundred and ninety-four. Of the amount (\$6,441,000,000) of the precious metals estimated to have been obtained from the surface and mines of the earth, from the earliest times to the close of 1884, \$12,100,000,000 are estimated to have been obtained from America \$6,724,000,000 from Asia (including Australia, New Zealand and Oceanica), \$3,751,000,000 from Europe, and \$2,866,000,000 from Africa.

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AMESBURY: THE HOME OF WHITTIER.

BY FRANCES C. SPARHAWK.

Amesbury is only a town. It has defects that would strike a stranger, and beauties that one who has learned to love them never forgets; they linger in glimpses of wood and hill and river and lake, and often rise unbidden before the mind's eye. The poet Whittier says that those who are born under the shadow of Powow Hill always return sometime, no matter how far they may have wandered. He himself, though not Amesbury born, has found it impossible to desert the old home, full of associations and surrounded by old friends. He always votes in Amesbury, and he often spends weeks at a time in his old home. The river that he has sung, the lake that he has re-christened, the walks and drives with which he is so familiar, all exercise their spell upon him; he loves them, just as he loves the warm hearts that he has found there and helped to make warm and true.

But what a stranger would first notice in coming into town is, that the houses, instead of being on land regularly laid out for building, seem to have grown up here and there and everywhere, a good deal in accordance with their own sweet wills, and without the smallest regard to surroundings.

But there are handsome houses in Amesbury, and these are growing more numerous every year. The people themselves would assert that the walks and drives about the village, the hills and the river are the things to be longest remembered about the place. If they were inclined to boasting, they might say also that they had as good a right as any people in America to be considered of ancient stock, for some of the names of the earliest settlers are the familiar names in the town to-day, and few towns in America are older than Amesbury. The names Barnard, Challis, Weed, Jones, and Hoyt, appear on the first board of "Prudenshall," and that of Richard Currier as town clerk. This was in April, 1668, the year after the new town was named.

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Early in 1735 the settlement of Newbury (then spelled Newberry) was begun. In a little over three years a colony was sent out across the Merrimac. The plantation was at first called merely from the name of the river. In 1639 it was named Colchester by the General Court; but October 7, 1640, this name was changed to Salisbury, so that in 1638, almost two hundred and fifty years ago, Salisbury began to be settled. It seemed as if there was need of new settlements at that time to counteract the depletions in the Old World, for the Thirty Years' War was still impoverishing Germany; Richelieu was living to rule France in the name of his royal master, Louis XIII; England was gathering up those forces of good and evil which from resisting tyranny at last grew intoxicated with power, and so came to play the tyrant and regicide. For it was about that time that Charles I had disbanded his army, trusting to the divinity that, in the eyes of the Stuarts, did ever hedge a king, and at the same time thrown away his honor by pledging himself to what he never meant to perform. While this farce, which preceded the tragedy, was being set upon the stage of history, here, three thousand miles away, nature had begun to build up the waste, and to prophesy growth.

Salisbury, and afterwards Amesbury, were named from the two towns so famous in England, the Salisbury Plain of Druidical memory, on which is the celebrated Stonehenge, and near by, the Amesbury where was one of the oldest monasteries in England. It is supposed that the towns were so named because many of the new settlers came from those old English towns. The latter name used to be spelled Ambresbury, and Tennyson in his "Idylls of the King" spells Almesbury. After the discovery by Modred of the guilt of King Arthur's fair and false wife, he says:—

"Queen Guinevere had fled the court and sat
There in the holyhouse at Almesbury
Weeping."

Describing her flight, he tells us that she sent Lancelot

"Back to his land, but she to Almesbury
Fled all night long by glimmering waste and weald."

There Arthur sees her for the last time and mourns over her before he goes forth to his last battle with Modred.

On the whole, it is not strange, considering its associations, and moreover the fact that this town in Massachusetts is the only Amesbury in America while so many other names are duplicated, that the people of Amesbury are not willing to merge the name of their town into that of the elder sister, even when those parts called in each "the Mills" are so closely united in interests and in appearance that no stranger could recognize them as two towns. It is only the Powow that makes the dividing line here. Blocks of offices and stores on both sides of the street, among them the post-office, common to both towns,

hide the narrow stream at that point, and further up and down the towering walls of the factories make it unobserved. It is not here that one sees the Powow. But there is, or a little time ago there was, a place not far off from this main street where the river is still harassed, yet as it slips past in its silent toil with a few trees hanging low on the right, it has a fascination in spite of its prosaic surroundings; it takes naturally to picturesqueness and freedom.

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One of Whittier's early poems speaks of an Indian re-visiting the stream that his forefathers loved, and standing on Powow Hill, where the chiefs of the Naumkeaks, and of the other tribes held their powows. Here for a moment, says the poem, a gleam of gladness came to him as he stooped to drink of the fountain and seated himself under an oak.

"Far behind was Ocean striving
With his chains of sand;
Southward, sunny glimpses giving
'Twixt the swells of land,
Of its calm and silvery track
Rolled the tranquil Merrimack."

The Indian's feeling about "These bare hills, this conquered river," was not strange. But to us it naturally occurs that we are more likely to wake up with our scalps on our heads, instead of sleeping our last sleep, while they dangle at a red man's girdle. Yet the very state of warfare that at that time existed between the races showed that in the settlers themselves was an element of savagery not yet eliminated. For in all this fierce strife of the tomahawk and the gun, the Quaker ancestors of the poet Whittier who met the Indians, armed only with kindness and the high courage of their peaceful convictions, were treated by the red men as friends and superiors. In the raids of general devastation they were unmolested. Their descendant has a natural right to express the pathos of the Indian's lot.

There is a fine exhibition of human nature in the records of the first settlement of Amesbury. The place was called "Salisbury new-town" until 1669, and was merely an offshoot of the latter, though much larger in extent than it is today, for now it is only about six miles by three. Then it reached up into what is now Newton, N.H. But why should not the people of those days have been generous as to the size of townships, for as to land, they had the continent before them where to choose?

But in regard to the human nature. The settlers of Salisbury went at first only beyond the salt marshes, their town being what is now East Salisbury. The forests beyond had a threatening look, and were much too near. It was determined, therefore, to drive them back by having clearings and settlements across the Powow. So, December 26, 1642, about three years after this little colony had crossed the Merrimack, a town meeting was held in which it was voted:—"Yere shall thirtie families remove to the west side of ye Powowas river." This motion was very easy to carry. But it had not been voted what families were to move on beyond the immediate protection of the small colony at East Salisbury. Who was to go? Every man sat still in his place and nodded to his neighbor with a "Thou art the man," in manner if not in words. It seems to us a very little thing to give or take the advice, "Go West young man,—or woman." But it was very different then. To do it meant, besides living encircled by forests, to be obliged to go on Sunday through these forests, worse than lonely, to the meeting-house at East Salisbury,

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and always with the possibility of being at any moment obliged to flee all the distance to that town for comparative safety, perhaps of being obliged to flee in the night. Signals of alarm were arranged by the General Court. Alarm was to be given “by distinctly discharging three muskets, or by continual beat of the drum, or firing the beacon, or discharging a pesse of ordnance, and every trained soldier is to take the alarm immediately on paine of five pound.” It was also ordered, “That every town provide a sufficient place for retreat for their wives and children to repaire to, as likewise to keepe safe the ammunion thereof.” And also, “That all watches throughout this country bee set at sunset at the beat of the drums, & not bee discharged till the beate of the drum at sunne rising.”

But those old Puritans were not men to be bundled by any of the weaknesses of human nature. In ten days, when it was found that nobody had started “westward, ho!” another town-meeting was held, in which, in spite of the dangers to be encountered by the new colony, the first vote was re-affirmed, and it was decided that “the thirtie families be chosen by ye seven men,” probably the selectmen. And to ensure the matter, it was determined that this vote should not be repealed except by the consent of every freeman in the town. So, in the spring, this tiny colony went out to Salisbury new-town.

In 1647, a law was passed requiring every township of fifty families to maintain a school. This is the way that the preamble reads:—

“It being one chiefe pr’ject of yt ould deluder, Satan, to keepe men from ye knowledge of ye Scriptures, as in former times by keeping ym in an unknown tongue, so in these latt’r times by pr’suading from ye use of tongues yt so at least ye true sense & meaning of ye original might be clouded by false glosses of saint-seeming deceivers, yt learning may not be buried in ye grave of o’r fath’rs in ye church & commonwealth, the Lord assisting our endeavor. It is therefore resolved,” &c.

It seems overturning the cornerstone of our forefathers’ intentions to banish from our schools the Scriptures, those finest examples of the strength and beauty of the English language, to say nothing of their lessons in individual self-government, which is the only foundation that a republic can be built upon.

From this old law have grown up all the public schools of Amesbury. There is now a high school, and there are, of course, the required number of small schools; some of these in the outlying districts having very few scholars.

Several years ago Mr. Whittier, who has the keenest sense of humor, told a friend that in one of these the whole number of pupils was three, average attendance one and a half! He was deeply interested in that half child.

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Amesbury has among its attractions a Lion's Mouth! In the old days of Indian ambushes it must have earned its right to the name. But now the only existing danger is lest one should be eaten up—with kindness. It is a short mile from the mills, and a pleasant walk in spite of its ending! At last there comes a little hollow with a large farmhouse on the left, and a grass road winding past it at right angles with the main road and leading into beautiful woods. These woods are the very jaws of the lion; and it is very hard, on a hot summer's day, for those who go into them to come out again. A few rods up the road from the hollow are other houses. People bearing some of the earliest recorded names in Amesbury, descendants of the brave pioneers, are to be found here, or having departed this life, have left good records behind them. One of these latter lived here in the pleasantest way. He and his wife carried on their large farm in an ideal manner; everything was upon a generous scale. There was money enough not to wear out life in petty economies, and largeness of soul enough not to put the length of a bank account against the beauties and refinements of life. The loss of their only child, and a few years afterward of their grand-daughter, one of the loveliest children earth ever held, was—not compensated for, that can never be, but made much less dreary by a friendship of many years' standing between them and their summer neighbors. In this case, too, the gentleman is a native of Amesbury, proud and fond of his birthplace. Every summer he comes to the cottage of this friend, a charming little house only a few rods from the larger one, and spends the summer here with his family and servants. He has made a great deal of money in New York, but fortunately, not too much, for it has not built up a Chinese wall around his heart; his new friends are dear, but his early friends are still the dearest.

Between the Mills and this formidable Mouth of the Lion, is the Quaker Meeting House, a modest, sober-hued building on a triangular green, on which, before it was fenced in, the boys delighted to play ball on the days and at the hours (for the Quakers have meeting Thursday also) on which the grave worshippers were not filing into what cannot fairly be called the house of silence, because it has been known to echo to exhortations as earnest, if not as vehement as one may hear from any pulpit. Still, there are sometimes long intervals of silence, and then the consciousness that silent self-examination is one purpose of the coming together, gives an impressiveness to the simple surroundings. It must have been here that Mr. Whittier learned to interpret so wonderfully that silent prayer of Agassiz for guidance when he opened his famous school from which he was so soon called to a higher life.

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"Then the Master in his place
Bowed his head a little space
And the leaves by soft airs stirred
Lapse of wave and cry of bird
Left the solemn hush unbroken
Of that wordless prayer unspoken
While its wish, on earth unsaid,
Rose to Heaven interpreted.
As in life's best hours we hear
By the spirit's finer ear
His low voice within us, thus
The All-Father heareth us:
And his holy ear we pain
With our noisy words and vain.
Not for him our violence
Storming at the gates of sense,
His the primal language, his
The eternal silences."

Mr. Whittier always goes to this meeting when he is well enough. The May Quarterly Meetings of the Society of Friends are held at Amesbury. There are a good many members of this Society in the town, and there is among them a hospitality, a kindness, and a cordiality that added to their quiet ways and the refined dress of the women makes them interesting.

It goes without saying that Amesbury has also the allotment of churches of other denominations usual to New England towns.

Thirty years ago and more, the Amesbury and Salisbury Mills were two distinct companies. The agent of the former mills, Mr. Joshua Aubin, was a gentleman of fine presence. After he left Amesbury, he sent to the town as a gift the nucleus of its present Public Library, which, although not absolutely free has only a nominal subscription to pay the services of the librarian, and for keeping the books in order.

[Illustration: John G. Whittier]

Mr. James Horton, agent of the Salisbury mills, was more of the rough-and-ready type of man, a little bluff, but frank and kind-hearted. Both gentlemen as it happened, lived in Amesbury and were of one mind in regard to the character of their operatives. It was before the influx of foreign labor, and the men and women in the mills belonged to respectable, often well-to-do American families. Rowdyism was a thing unknown to them, and as to drunkenness, if that fault was found once in an operative, he was reprimanded; if it occurred again, he was at once discharged. And so Amesbury, though a manufacturing town, was in its neatness and orderliness an exquisite little village with

the Powow Hill at its back and the hem of its robe laved by two beautiful rivers. After Mr. Aubin's ill health had made him resign his place, the father of Prof. Langley, well-known to science, was agent for a time, and carried on matters in the spirit of his predecessors. But there came a change, the mills were united under one control, and an agent was sent to Amesbury for the purpose of forcibly illustrating the fact that corporations have no souls. He did it admirably. Work was started at high pressure, there came a rush of foreigners into the place, many of the old towns people moved away in disgust, and the new took the place

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of the old as suddenly as if an evil magician had waved his wand and cried: "Presto!" But this agent soon gave evidence that great unscrupulousness doesn't pay, even as a financial investment. After several other short regimes the present agent, Mr. Steere, came to Amesbury, and the corporation has found it worth while to keep him. The effect of the sudden influx of foreign population into Amesbury has never done away with; it has its "Dublin" in a valley where the corporation built houses for its operatives. And with what indifference to cleanliness, or health these were built! The poor operatives were crowded together in a way that would make neatness difficult to the most fastidious. A physician in Amesbury who considered the poor, presented this state of things so strongly and so persistently to the agent, spoke so forcibly of the moral degradation that such herding increased, or induced, that when it became necessary to build new tenements they were much better arranged. Every manufacturing town in New England has now its unwholesome because untaught population, a danger signal on the line of progress of the republic. It is only popular education that can remove this obstruction of ignorance. The foreign population of Amesbury today is large, and although it gives hands to the mills, it adds neither to the beauty nor the interest of the town. But it gives a mission to those who believe in the possibilities of human nature, and the right of every man to have a chance at life, even if the way he takes it be not agreeable to his cultivated neighbor.

The mills in the days of their greatest prosperity were all woolen mills: now a part of them are cotton mills. They are all running, and, although not with the remarkable success of a score of years ago, have a future before them.

The making of felt hats, now so important a business, was started here a number of years ago by a gentleman who built a hat factory near his house at the Ferry. He was a gentleman in that true sense in which, added to his nerve and will (and he had abundance of both) were those knightly qualities of generosity and kindness that have made his memory dear, while the Bayley Hat Company, called after him as its founder, bears witness to his business ability.

The great, oblong, many-windowed carriage manufactories meet one at every turn, and often the smithy stands near with its clangor. This business used to be confined to West Amesbury, now Merrimac. At the beginning of the century it was started on an humble scale by two young men, one a wood-worker, the other a plater, while another young man was trimmer for them. One of the firm lived in West Amesbury, the other in South Amesbury, now Merrimac Port, and after each had built his share of the carriage, it was found a little difficult to bring the different parts together. This was the beginning, and now Amesbury ships its carriages over the world. One of the first to bring this business from what

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was then West Amesbury to the Mills was a young man who in the beginning of the war had been unfortunate in business. He gave his creditors all he had, and went to the front. After serving his time there he came home, went into the carriage business, made money this time instead of losing it, and paid up his old creditors one hundred cents on the dollar. He deserves a big factory and success. And he has both. And he is not the only one of whom good things could be said.

They have a Wallace G.A.R. Post in Amesbury, not in commemoration of the Wallace of old Scottish fame, but of a man no less patriotic and brave who lived among themselves, an Englishman, a shoemaker. He was lame, but so anxious during the Rebellion to have his share in the struggle for the Union that he tried to get a place on board a gunboat, saying that he could "sit and shoot." As this was impossible, the town sent him to Boston as its representative, and he was in the Legislature when the members voted themselves an increase of pay. Mr. Wallace believed the thing illegal. He took the money in trust. One day after his return to Amesbury he limped up to his physician (the same one who had brought about the better construction of the new corporation houses) and handed him fifty dollars of this over pay, to be used at his discretion among the poor, explaining as he did so where the money came from, that he felt that it belonged to Amesbury, and that he returned a part through this channel.

Half way between the Mills and the Ferry stands an old well that a native of Amesbury dug by the roadside for the benefit of travellers because he had once been a captive in Arabian deserts, and had known the torments of thirst. Here was a man to whom the uses of adversity had been sweet, for they had taught him humanity. Mrs. Spofford has written an appropriate poem upon this incident.

The elms in Amesbury are very beautiful, and they are found everywhere; but on the ferry road there are magnificent ones not far from the river. They are growing on each side of the road, arching it over with their graceful boughs.

[Illustration: WHITTIER'S HOME, AMESBURY.]

The Ferry proper near which was born Josiah Bartlett, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, is at the foot of the street that runs from the Mills down to the river. In old times there was a veritable ferry here a few rods above where the Powow empties into the Merrimack. This ferry is mentioned in the records, two years after the town had been set upon its feet. In a book written about Amesbury by Mr. Joseph Merrill, a native of the town, it is stated that the town petitioned the general Court for leave to keep a Ferry over the river at this place. This is the record from the same source:—

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“The County Court held at Hampton, ye 13th of ye 8th month 1668, Mr. Edward Goodwin being presented by ye Selectmen of ye town of Amesbury to Court to keep ye Ferry over Merrimac river about ye mouth of ye Powow river where ye said Goodwin now dwelleth, the Court do allow and approve of ye sd person for one year next following and until ye Court shall take further orders therein, and ye prices to be as followeth so, for every single passenger two pence, for a horse and man six pence, and for all great cattle four pence, for sheep and other small cattle under two years old two pence per head.”

In 1791 there came up a question of a bridge being built across the Merrimac. A town meeting was called to oppose the measure, and in this it was argued that a bridge would throw into disuse the ferry with which much pains had been taken. Precious old fogies! In those days, too, they lived, for they were as old as the centuries. Nothing of the mushroom about them. There is a tradition that once in Revolutionary days, Washington was carried across this ferry. But it is impossible to say what the tradition is founded upon, and how much it is worth.

As to the river, there are rivers and rivers, as the saying is; at some we marvel, some we fear and to some we make pilgrimages as to the Mecca of the faithful. But the Merrimac is a river to be loved, and to be loved the better the more familiar it is. What its poet, Whittier, says about it must be literally true:

“Our river by its valley born
Was never yet forgotten.”

It is worth while to try to imagine it as he writes it in “Cobbler Keezer’s Vision” two hundred and more years ago, when that old fellow was so amazed at the prospect of mirth and pleasure among the descendants of the stern Puritans that he dropped his lapstone into the water in bewilderment.

This was the time when

“Woodsy and wild and lonesome,
The swift stream wound away,
Through birches and scarlet maples
Flashing in foam and spray.”

“Down on the sharp-horned ledges
Plunging in steep cascade,
Tossing its white-maned waters
Against the hemlock’s shade.”

“Woodsy and wild and lonesome,
East and west and north and south;

Only the village of fishers
Down at the river's mouth;"

"Only here and there a clearing,
With its farm-house rude and new,
And tree-stumps, swart as Indians,
Where the scanty harvest grew."

What a picture that is! And then behind these tree-stumps, the great forest with its possibilities of comfort and even of competence in its giant timbers,—when they were fairly floored, but; as it stood, a threatening foe with a worse enemy in its depths than the darkness of its shadows, or the wild beasts.

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Several of Mr. Whittier's songs of the Merrimac were written for picnics, given at the Laurels on the Newbury side of the river by a gentlemen and his wife from Newburyport. They were early abolitionists, friends and hosts of Garrison, of George Thompson and others of that brave band, and of course friends of the poet. This hospitable couple gave a picnic here every June for twenty years. The first was a little party of perhaps half-a-dozen people, the twenty-first was a large assembly. Mr. Whittier was present at these picnics whenever able, and, as has been said, sometimes wrote a poem to be read there. He never reads in public himself.

Although the Powow river has been made so emphatically a stream of use, there are glimpses of a native beauty in it that its hard fate has never obliterated; these are still there, as one stands upon the little bridge that spans its last few rods of individual life and looks up the stream upon a wintry landscape, or upon summer fields, and longingly toward the bend.

Whether the Powow has any power to set in motion the wheels of fancy as it does the wheels of the factories it is impossible to say, but this much is certain; on its banks was born an artist who has made his name known on the banks of the Seine. The father of Mr. Charles Davis, our young artist of great promise and of no mean performance, was for years a teacher in Amesbury, and the garden of the house where this son was born bordered upon the Powow.

[Illustration: THE OLD SANDY HILL MEETING HOUSE]

At Pond Hills, between Amesbury and Merrimac, is lake Attitash, which, before Mr. Whittier took pity upon it, rejoiced in the name of Kimball's Pond. There is a slight suspicion that it is still occasionally called by its old name. In dry seasons the water is used by the mills. But the blue lake is as beautiful as if it were never useful. On its shore enough grand old pines are left to dream under of forests primeval, of Indian wigwams, and of canoes on the bright water; for the red men knew very well the hiding places of the perch and of the pickerel. So did the white men who chose the region of the Merrimac for their new home. In the "Maids of Attitash" is described the lake where

"In sky and wave the white clouds swam,
And the blue hills of Nottingham
Through gaps of leafy green
Across the lake were seen."

All these are still here, but one misses the maidens who ought to be sitting there

"In the shadow of the ash
That dreams its dream in Attitash."

No doubt they are about here somewhere, only it takes a poet's eye to find them. And yet it was not very far from here that there lived a few years ago a young girl, a descendant of one of the early settlers of Amesbury, who on her engagement said to a friend proudly:—"I am going to marry a poor man, and I am going to help him." And so she always nobly did, in ways different from tawdry ambition. The courage of the old Puritans has not died out here any more than the old beauty has deserted the land.

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KATE FIELD'S NEW DEPARTURE.

BY EDWARD INCREASE MATHER.

Miss Kate Field has been so exclusively identified with artistic and literary success that her new departure as a lecturer on existing political evils has excited no little surprise and comment. An exceptional degree of public interest as well as of purely private and personal regard has followed her almost, indeed, from childhood; partly due, it may be, to a certain indefinable magnetism of temperament which always makes the place where she chances to be at the time seem a social centre, and somewhat, too, from a life that has not been without its picturesque setting of scenery and circumstance. "Kate Field was started right,"—remarked Miss Frances E. Willard of her one day. "As a child Walter Savage Landor held her on his knee and taught her, and she grew up in the atmosphere of Art." The chance observation made only *en passant*, never the less touched a salient truth in that vital manner in which Miss Willard's words are accustomed to touch truth. She was, indeed, "started right." The only child of gifted parents, endowed with a rare combination of intellectual and artistic talent; with a nobility and genuineness of nature that has ever been one of her most marked characteristics; attuned by temperament to all that is fine, and high, and beautiful,—it is little wonder that her life has presented a series of advancing achievements. She has studied, and read, and thought; she has travelled, and "sipped the foam of many lives;" and a polished and many-sided culture has added its charm to a woman singularly charming by nature and possessed of the subtle gift of fascination. When very young she studied music and modern languages abroad in Florence, and in London. To music she especially devoted herself studying under Garcia and under William Shakespeare, the great English tenor, whose favorite pupil she is said to have been. Walter Savage Landor conceived a great fondness for her, gave her lessons in Latin, and left her at his death a valuable portfolio of old drawings. In some verses addressed "To K.F." he alludes to her as:—

Modest as winged angels are,
And no less brave and no less fair.

[Illustration: MISS KATE FIELD.]

His interest was richly repaid by the young girl who, after his death, wrote reminiscences of Landor in a manner whose sympathetic brilliancy of interpretation added an enduring lustre to his life and achievement. In her early girlhood as, indeed, in her womanhood, her brilliancy and charm won all hearts. It was in Florence that she met George Eliot, and a moon-light evening at the Trollope villa, where Marion Lewes led the girl, dream-enchanted, out on the fragrant and flowery terrace, left its picture in

her memory, and exquisitely did she portray it in a paper on George Eliot at the time of her death. By temperament

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and cultivation Miss Field is admirably adapted to interpret to the world its masters, its artists. Her dramatic criticism on Ristori ranks among the finest ever written of the stage; her "Pen Photographs of Dickens's Readings" have permanently recorded that memorable tour. Her *Life of Fechter* wins its praise from the highest literary authorities in our own country and London. She has published a few books, made up from her fugitive articles in the *Tribune*, the *London Times*, the *Athenaeum*, and the magazines, and more of this literature would be eminently refreshing and acceptable. It is no exaggeration to say that among the American writers of to-day no one has greater breadth, vigor, originality and power than Kate Field. She is by virtue of wide outlook and comprehension of important matters, entirely free from the tendency to petty detail and trivial common-place that clogs the minds and pens of many women-writers. Her foreign letters to the *Tribune* discussed questions of political significance and international interest. Miss Field is a woman of so many resources that she has never made of her writing a trade, but has used it as an art; and she never writes unless she has something to say. This fact teaches a moral that the woman of the period may do well to contemplate.

Yet with all the varied charms of foreign life, passed in the most cultivated and refined social circles of Europe, Kate Field never forgot that she was an American, and patriotism grew to be a passion with her. She became a student of English and American politics, and her revelations of the ponderous machinery of the British Parliament, in a series of strong and brilliant press letters, now collected into the little volume called "Hap-Hazzard," was as fine and impressive in its way as is her dramatic criticism or literary papers. All this, perhaps, had paved the way for her to enter into a close and comprehensive study of the subject which she is now so ably discussing in her notable lectures on the social and the political crimes of Utah. The profound and serious attention which she is now giving to this problem stamps her lectures as among the most potent political influences of the time. Miss Field's discussion of Mormonism is one of those events which seem pre-determined by the law of the unconscious, and which seem to choose the individual rather than to be chosen by him. In the summer of 1883, by way of a change from continental travel, Miss Field determined to hitch her wagon to a star and journey westward. She lingered for a month in Denver where she received distinguished social attention and where, by special request, she gave her lecture on an "Evening with Dickens" and her charming "Musical Monologue." Of this Dickens' lecture a western journal said:—

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“Charles Dickens was the novelist of humanity, and Kate Field is, to-day, his most sympathetic and intelligent interpreter. Those who were so fortunate as to attend her reading last evening enjoyed an intellectual pleasure not soon forgotten. They saw a slender, graceful woman, dressed in creamy white, with soft laces falling about her; with low, broad brow, and earnest, sympathetic eyes, under a cloud of soft dark hair. With a rich and finely modulated voice of remarkable power of expression, she held her audience for two hours spellbound by the magic of her genius.”

In Colorado Miss Field enjoyed an unique and picturesque holiday. Picnics and excursions were gotten up in her honor; special trains were run; she rode on horseback with gay parties of friends twenty-five miles a day; she joined friends from New York who were camping out on “The Needles,” and she made a visit to the San Juan Silver-mining district. Among other diversions she had the honor of naming a new watering place, located on “The Divide,” an hour by rail from Denver, to which, in honor of General Palmer who has practically “made” that region, Miss Field gave the name of Palmero, the Spanish for Palmer.

How unconsciously Miss Field came to study the problem presented by the peculiar institutions of Utah is curiously indicated in a letter from Salt Lake City, under date of Jan. 16, 1884, which she wrote to the Boston *Herald*, and which opens thus:—

“I know of nothing that would do Bostonians so much good as a prolonged trip across this continent, giving themselves sufficient time to tarry at different points and study the people. For myself—about half a Bostonian—I became so ashamed of sailing east year after year, that last summer I made up my mind to hitch my wagon to the star of empire and learn as much of my own country as I knew of Europe. I started from New York in July, expecting to be absent three months, and in that period obtain an intelligent idea of the far West. After passing two months and a half in wonderful Colorado and only seeing a fraction of the Centennial state, I began to realize that in two years I might, with diligence, get a tolerable idea of this republic west of the Mississippi. Cold weather setting in, and the fall of snow rendering mountain travelling in Colorado neither safe nor agreeable, I came to Utah over the wonderful Denver & Rio Grande railroad, intending to pass a week prior to visiting New Mexico and Arizona. My week expired on the 22nd day of October and still I linger among the ‘saints.’ I am regarded as more or less demented by eastern friends. If becoming interested in a most extraordinary anomaly to such an extent as to desire to study it and to be able to form an intelligent opinion therein is being demented, then I am mad indeed, for I’ve not yet got to the bottom of the Utah problem, and if I lived here years, there would still be much to learn. Despite this last discouraging fact,

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I have improved my opportunities and am able to paragraph what has come under my own observation or been acquired by absorption of Mormon and Gentile literature. If the commissioners sent here by Congress to investigate the Mormon question, at an annual expense of forty thousand dollars per annum, had studied this question as earnestly as I have, they never would have told the country that polygamy is dying out. One or two members of that commission know better, and sooner or later they must tell the truth or stultify their own souls."

This extract reveals how deeply the anomaly of Mormon life had at once impressed her. Miss Field was too keen and cultivated an observer not to see beneath the surface of this phase of living a problem whose roots struck deep into national prosperity and safety. The distinguished essayist and critic, Mr. Edwin P. Whipple, said of her study of Mormonism:—

She undertook a perfectly original method of arriving at the truth, by intimate conversations with Mormon husbands and wives, as well as with the most intelligent of the "Gentiles." She discarded from her mind pre-conceptions and all prejudices which discolor and distort objects which should be rigidly investigated, and looked at the mass of facts before her in what Bacon calls "dry light." Cornelius Vanderbilt, the elder, was accustomed to account for the failures and ruin of the brilliant young brokers who tried to corner the stocks in which he had an interest, by declaring that "these dashing young fellows didn't see things as they be." Miss Field saw things in Utah "as they be." She collected facts of personal observation, analyzed and generalized them, and, by degrees, her sight became insight, and the passage from insight to foresight is rapid. After thorough investigation, her insight enabled her to penetrate into the secret of that "mystery of iniquity" which Mormonism really is; while her foresight showed her what would be the inevitable result of the growth and diffusion of such a horrible creed.

The winter lapsed into spring and still she lingered in Salt Lake City. She relinquished all pleasure for the real work of studying deeply the anomaly of a Polygamous hierarchy thriving in the heart of the Republic. Every facility was accorded to her by United States officials, military officers, leading Gentiles and Apostates. Prominent "Latter Day Saints" offered her marked courtesy. She pursued this research unremittingly for eight months and when, at last, she left Salt Lake City, the leading Gentile paper, the Tribune, devoted a leading editorial to Miss Field's marvellously thorough study of Mormon conditions, and, on her departure, said:—

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“Miss Field is probably the best posted person, outside the high Mormon church officials, and others who have been in the church, on this institution, in the world, and its effects upon men, women and governments. With a fixedness of purpose which nothing could swerve, and with an energy which neither storm, mud, snow, cold looks, the persuasions or even the loss of friends, could for a moment dampen, she has held on her course. In the tabernacle, in the ward meeting house, in the homes of high Mormons, and, when these were closed to her, in the homes of the poor, she has worked upon the theme, while every scrap of history which offered to give any light upon the Mormon organization she has devoured. Mormonism has been to her like a fever. It has run its course and now she is going away. If she proposes to lecture, she ought to be able to prepare a better lecture on Mormonism than she has ever yet delivered; if a book is in process of incubation it ought to be of more value than any former book on this subject. Lecture or book will be intense enough to satisfy all demands. The ‘Tribune’ gives the world notice in advance that Miss Field has a most intimate knowledge of the Mormon kingdom.”

Returning to the East she stopped on the way in Missouri and at Nauvoo, Illinois, looking up all the old camping-grounds of Mormonism, and meeting and interviewing people who had been connected with it, including two sons of Joseph Smith, Miss Field opened her course of lectures on this subject in Boston last November, before a brilliant and distinguished audience, including the Governor and other officials of state, Harvard University professors, and men and women eminent in art, literature and society. She dealt with the political crimes of the Mormons, arguing that the great wrong was not, as many had believed, polygamy, but treason! Polygamy, though “the cornerstone of the Mormon church,” was not inserted in its printed articles of faith and was not taught until the unwary had been “gathered to Zion.” The monstrosity of the “revelation” on celestial marriage; the tragic unhappiness of Mormon women; the elastic conscience of John Taylor, “prophet, seer and revelator” to God’s chosen people, were vividly depicted. Her extracts from Brigham Young’s sermons, and from those of his counsellors, are forcible arguments on the Gentile side. Indeed, throughout her entire discourse, Miss Field clinches every statement with Mormon proof, rarely going to Gentile authorities for vital facts connected with her subject. The lecturer’s sense of humor betrayed itself now and then, when, with fervor, she related an incident in her own experience, or quoted a “Song of Zion.” The refrain of one of these songs still rings in our ears:

Then, oh, let us say
God bless the wife that strives
And aids her husband all she can
To obtain a dozen wives!

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The prodigious contrast between the preaching and practice of polygamy was fully displayed. Mormons claim that there is a vast difference between bigamy and polygamy; that only good men are allowed to take plural wives; that no saint takes more wives than he can support, and that a muchly married “man of God” exercises the most rigid impartiality in the bestowal of his affections upon his various women. Miss Field upsets these beautiful theories by graphic pictures drawn from life, and cited Brigham Young himself as “a bright and shining lie to the boast of impartiality.” Brigham Young’s coup d’etat in granting woman suffrage in 1871 was illuminated, and emphasized by the assertions:—“A territory that has abolished the right of dower, that proclaims polygamy to be divine, that has no laws against bigamy and kindred crimes, that has no just appreciation of woman, is unworthy of self-respecting humanity, woman suffrage or no woman suffrage.” Miss Field makes in these lectures a telling exposition of the doctrine of blood atonement, passing on to these Mormon missionaries and their methods, and the people who become “fascinated with the idea of direct communication with heaven through the medium of a prophet,” and to whom the missionary brethren prudently “leave the mysteries of polygamy to the imagination,” while they inculcate the importance of “gathering to Zion.” She outlined the educational status and the discouragement given by Brigham Young to all educational progress. Of Mormon treason she says:—

“Five years after the United States had established the Territory of Utah its people were in armed rebellion because the government dared to send a Gentile governor and national troops to Utah.”

Nor does she spare the United States in its responsibility for these crimes. “The United States to-day,” said Miss Field, “is responsible for thirty years’ growth of polygamy, with its attendant degradation of woman and brutalization of man.” As an illustration of this conclusion, she told a most interesting story of which Governor Harding of Utah, Brigham Young, Benjamin Halliday, Postmaster General Blair, Abraham Lincoln and William H. Seward were the characters. The story is a dramatic and significant bit of Mormon history, related for the first time. It led up to an earnest and eloquent peroration of which the final words were: “I’ll believe polygamy is wrong when Congress breaks it up; not before!” exclaims a plural wife. Men and women of New England! You who forge public opinion; you who sounded the death knell of slavery, what are you going to do about it!”

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William Lloyd Garrison used to tell his friends that it was worth an admission fee just to see Kate Field on the platform, as she made so lovely a picture. Her attitudes—for they are too spontaneous and unconscious to be termed poses—are the impersonation of grace, and, aside from the enjoyment of the intellectual quality and searching political analysis of her lectures, is that of the artistic effect. She gave a course of three lectures on this “Mormon Monster.” They were efforts whose invincible logic, graphic presentation and thrilling power held spellbound her audience. They were a drama of social and political life, and almost unprecedented on the lyceum platform was this eloquence and splendor of oratory, combined with the trained thought, the scholarly acquirement, and the finished eloquence of its delivery. This course of lectures finished there was a popular call for Miss Field to repeat one at Tremont Temple which, by invitation of Governor Robinson, the Mayor and a number of distinguished citizens, she consented to do. The triumph was repeated. From Boston she was invited to lecture in Brooklyn, Philadelphia and Washington. Press and people were alike enthusiastic. It is to the work of Miss Kate Field more than to any other cause, that the present disintegration of Mormon treason is due. Other travellers in Utah have made but the briefest stays, and have been ready to gloss over the tale. Miss Field is telling the truth about it, and she does it with a courage, a vigor, an honesty, and a power that renders it one of the most potent influences in the national life of the times. Kate Field holds to-day the first place on the Lyceum platform of America. She has a rare combination of judicial and executive qualities.

She is singularly free from exaggeration, and her sense of justice is never deflected by personal feeling or emotional impulse. She has that exceptional balance of the intellectual and artistic forces that enables her to give to her lecture a superb literary quality, and to deliver it with faultless grace of manner and an impressiveness of presence rarely equalled. In Kate Field America has a woman worthy to be called an orator.

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THE MONUMENT AND HOMESTEAD OF REBECCA NURSE.

BY ELIZABETH PORTER GOULD.

Perhaps the greatest incentive to ideal living in a changing world is the firmly held conviction that truth will finally vindicate itself. When this vindication is made apparent, as in the case of Rebecca Nurse, one of the most striking martyrs of the Salem witchcraft days of 1692, the cause of human progress seems assured. For it is thus seen that truth has within itself a living seed which in its development is destined to become man's guide to further knowledge and growth. This idea was impressed upon me anew as I stood before the granite monument, some eight and a half feet high,

erected this past summer in Danvers,—originally Salem,—to the memory of Mrs. Rebecca Nurse, by her descendants. A carpet of green grass surrounded it, and a circle of nearly twenty pine trees guarded it as sentinels. The pines were singing their summer requiem as I read on the front of the monument these words:—

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REBECCA NURSE, YARMOUTH, ENGLAND, 1621. SALEM, MASS., 1692.

O Christian martyr, who for Truth could die
When all about thee owned the hideous lie,
The world, redeemed from Superstition's sway,
Is breathing freer for thy sake to-day.

I lingered a moment over these fitting lines of Whittier, whose charming home, "Oak Knoll," a short distance off, had just given me a restful pleasure. Then I walked around to the other side of the monument, where I read, with mingled feelings, the following words:—

Accused of witchcraft
She declared,
"I am innocent, and God will
clear my innocency."

Once acquitted yet falsely
condemned, she suffered
death July 19, 1692.

In loving memory of her
Christian character,
even then truly attested by
forty of her neighbors,
this monument is erected.

These last lines reminded me of the fact that the paper with its forty signatures, testifying to the forty years' acquaintance of the good character of Rebecca Nurse, was still in existence. Alas! why couldn't such a testimony of neighbors and friends have saved her? But it was not so to be. The government of the colony, the influence of the magistracy, and public opinion elsewhere, overpowered all friendly and family help; and on the 19th July, 1692, at the advanced age of seventy-one years, Rebecca Nurse was hung on Gallows hill.

As I left the monument, which is in the old family burying-ground, and wandered up the time-honored lane towards the homestead where she was living when arrested, the March before, my thoughts would go back to those dreadful days. I thought of this venerable mother's surprise and wonder, as she learned of the several distinct indictments against her, four of which, for having practised "certain detestable acts called witchcraft" upon Ann Putnam, Mary Walcot, Elizabeth Hubbard, and Abigail Williams, were still to be found in the Salem records. I thought of the feelings of this old and feeble woman as she was borne to the Salem jail, then a month later sent off, with other prisoners, to the jail in Boston (then a whole day's journey), to be sent back to



Salem for her final doom. I pictured her on trial, when, in the presence of her accusers, the “afflicted girls,” and the assembled crowd, she constantly declared her innocence (“I am innocent, and God will clear my innocency”), and showed a remarkable power in refuting the questions of the magistrate. I thought of her Christian faith and courage, when, upon seeing all the assembly, and even the magistrate, putting faith in the “afflicted girls” diabolical tantrums (what else can I call them?) as there enacted, and now preserved in the records of the trial, she calmiy said, “I have got nobody to look to but God.” I again pictured her, as, just before the horrors of execution, she was taken from the prison to the meeting-house, by the sheriff and his men, to receive before a great crowd of spectators the added disgrace of excommunication from the Church.

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But I could picture no more. My heart rebelled. And as I had now reached the old homestead on the hill I paused a moment, before entering, to rest under the shade of the trees and to enjoy the extensive views of the surrounding country. This comforted my troubled feelings, and suggested the thought that in the fourteen years that Rebecca Nurse had lived there she must have often come under the shade of the trees, perhaps after hours of hard work and care, to commune alone with her God. How could I help thinking so when there came up before me her answer to the magistrate's question, "Have you familiarity with these spirits?"—"No, I have none but with God alone." Surely, to one who knew Him as she did, who in calm strength could declare her innocence when many around her, as innocent as she, were frightened into doubt and denial, the quiet and rest of nature must have been a necessary means of courage and strength.

Then what did not the old house, with its sloping roof, tell me, as it still stood where Townsend Bishop had built it in 1636, upon receiving a grant of three hundred acres? Yes, this old "Bishop's mansion," as the deed calls it, had felt the joys and sorrows of our common human life for almost two hundred and fifty years. It had known the friends whom Townsend Bishop, as one of the accomplished men of Salem village, had gathered about him in the few years that he had lived there. It must have heard some of Hugh Peters' interesting experiences, since, as pastor of the First Church those very years (1636-1641), he was a frequent visitor. Why couldn't one think that Roger Williams had often come to compare notes on house-building, since he owned the "old witch house" (still standing on the corner of Essex and North streets) at the same time that Mr. Bishop was building his house? It certainly was a pleasure to remember that Governor Endicott once owned and lived on this farm. He bought it in 1648, for one hundred and sixty pounds, of Henry Checkering, to whom Mr. Bishop had sold it seven years before.

I recalled many other things, that summer day, concerning this ancient place. Shall I not tell them? While the Governor lived on it he continued his good work for the general opening of the country around about. Among other things he laid out the road that passes its entrance-gate to-day.

Here his son John brought his youthful Boston bride, and gave to her the place as a "marriage-gift." Then, some years later, she, the widow of John, having become the bride of a Mr. James Allen, gave it to him as a "marriage-gift;" and upon her death, in 1673, he became the possessor. Five years later he sold it to Francis Nurse, the husband of Rebecca, for four hundred pounds. Mr. Nurse was an early settler of Salem, a "tray-maker," whose articles were much used. He was a man of good judgment, and respected by his neighbors. He was then fifty-eight years of age, and his wife fifty-seven. They had four sons and four daughters. The peculiar

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terms of the purchase had always seemed interesting to me; for the purchase-money of four hundred pounds was not required to be paid until the expiration of twenty-one years. In the meantime a moderate rent of seven pounds a year for the first twelve years, and ten pounds for each of the remaining nine years, was determined upon. Suitable men were appointed to estimate the value of what Mr. Nurse should add to the estate while living upon it, by clearing meadows, erecting buildings, or making other improvements. This value over one hundred and fifty pounds was to be paid to him. These various sums, if paid over to Mr. Allen before the twenty-one years had expired, would make a proportionate part of the farm at Mr. Nurse's disposal.

The low rent and the industrious, frugal habits of Mr. Nurse and his family, added to the fact that not a dollar was required to be paid down at first, led to the making of such good improvements that before half the time had elapsed a value was created large enough to pay the whole four hundred pounds to Mr. Allen. When Mr. Nurse thus became owner of this estate he gave to his children, who had already good homes within its boundaries, the larger half of the farm, while he reserved for himself the homestead and the rest of the land. By the deeds he gave them, they were required to maintain a roadway to connect with the old homestead and with the homes of each other.

While the different members of the Nurse family were thus working hard for the money to buy the place there was hanging over its owner the shadow of litigation for its possession. But this was Mr. Allen's affair, not theirs, so they went on their way in peace. Indeed, it has been thought that their steady success in life was one cause of their future trouble. They became objects of envy to those restless ones less favored. And so, when the opportunity came to merely whisper a name for the "afflicted girls" to take up, Rebecca Nurse's fate was in the hands of an enemy. A striking example of the innocent suffering for the guilty. Does not vicarious suffering seem to be an important factor in the development of the race? Two years after, this faithful wife and mother had been led from her peaceful home to suffer the agonies of prisons, trials, and hanging. When the children had all married, the father gave up the homestead to his son Samuel, and divided his remaining property among his sons and daughters. He died soon after, in 1695. He was a kind, true father, whose requests after death were heeded. This homestead was in the Nurse name as late as 1784, when it was owned by a great-grandson of Rebecca. He sold it to Phineas Putnam, a descendant of old Nathaniel Putnam, who, in the hour of need, wrote the paper for the forty signatures above mentioned. The estate descended to the great-grandson of Phineas, Orin Putnam, who, in 1836, married the daughter of Allen Nurse. And thus a direct descendant of Rebecca Nurse was again placed to preside over the ancestral farm, and to their descendants it belongs to-day.

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After thus thinking over this interesting history of the old place, as I reclined under the shade of its trees, I was better prepared to enjoy the kind hospitality which it then offered me. I felt a peculiar pleasure in stepping into the same little front porch which Townsend Bishop had built so many years ago. And upon ascending the stairs I found myself lingering a while by the old original balusters, the building of which Roger Williams had perhaps viewed with interest. Upon reaching the attic it was a pleasure, indeed, to see in this new world the frame-work of a house which for two hundred and fifty years had stood so well the test of nature in all her moods. No saw was used in shaping those oaken timbers. They knew only the broad-axe. From this attic I descended to the sitting-room, to spend a while under the same low beams which had greeted the first visitors of the house. Here I imagined the Nurse family living in quiet and peace. Here I pictured the son Samuel, as, later, he wondered over and over again how he could remove the reproach which was on his mother's name. And I thought that to him his descendants owed much, for it was mainly to his pleadings that the General Court exonerated her in 1710, and the Church in 1712.

While sitting there I learned of some alterations which had been made from time to time: how the front of the house, before which the old roadway used to be, had been widened by extending the western end beyond the porch.

As I came out of the house upon the green grass around it, I enjoyed again the grand outlook over the surrounding country,—the same which in the days of agony had strengthened human souls,—and then walked down the hill, by the family burying-ground, out through the entrance-gate into Collins street, the public thoroughfare.

I left the monument and its interesting associations that August day of 1885 (it was dedicated only the July 30 before) with the feeling that as the present descendants of Rebecca Nurse owe much to her son Samuel, so their future descendants will be indebted to them for the appropriate manner in which they have still further striven to vindicate before the world the innocence of a much-wronged ancestor.

* * * * *

THE PRESENT RESOURCES OF MASSACHUSETTS.

BY H.K.M.

Massachusetts is a busy state. The old time factory bell has not entirely given way to the steam whistle, nor the simple village spire to the more pretentious ecclesiastical tower of to-day, yet the energizing force of material prosperity has quickened the blood in nearly every hamlet, modernized the old, or built up a new, so that throughout the state there is a substantial freshness indicative of progressive thrift.

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The Tenth Census of the United States classifies the entire working population of the state in four divisions of labor as follows:—Agriculture, 64,973; Professional and Personal services, 170,160; Trade and Transportation, 115,376; Mechanical, 370,265; with a total population of 1,941,465.[4] The aggregate steam and water power in 1880 was 309,759 horse power; the motive power of 14,352 manufacturing establishments having an invested capital of \$303,806,185; paying \$128,315,362 in wages to 370,265 persons who produced a product value of \$631,135,284. These results, in proportion to area and population, place Massachusetts first in the Union as a manufacturing state. In mechanical science a complete cotton mill has been considered the cap stone of human ingenuity. In 1790 Mr. Samuel Slater established in Pawtucket, R.I., the first successful cotton mill in the United States, but the saw gin, a Massachusetts invention of Mr. Eli Whitney in 1793, laid the foundation of the cotton industry throughout the world.

There are 956 cotton mills in the United States with an invested capital of \$208,280,346, with a wage account of \$42,040,510. The relative importance of the four leading states in the manufacture of cotton goods is shown as follows:—

No. of Mills.	State.	Capital Invested.	Wages Paid.	Value of Product.
206	Mass.	\$74,118,801	\$16,240,908	\$74,780,835
133	R.I.	29,260,734	5,623,933	24,609,461
97	Conn.	21,104,200	3,750,017	17,050,126
41	N.H.	19,993,584	4,322,622	18,226,573

As in cotton, so also in the manufacture of woolen goods has Massachusetts maintained from the first the leading position. In 1794 in Byfield parish, Newbury, Mass., the first woolen mill went into successful operation. In 1804 a good quality of gray mixed broadcloth was made at Pittsfield, Mass., and it is said that in 1808 President Madison's inaugural suit of black broadcloth was made there.

The five leading states in the production of woolen goods are thus classified:—

No. of Mills.	State.	Capital Invested.	Wages Paid.	Value of Product.
167	Mass.	\$24,680,782	\$7,457,115	\$45,099,203
324	Penn.	18,780,604	5,254,328	32,341,291
78	Conn.	7,907,452	2,342,935	16,892,284
50	R.I.	8,448,700	2,480,907	15,410,450

159 N.Y. 8,266,878 1,774,143 9,874,973

In its kindred industry, dyeing and finishing textiles, Massachusetts is a controlling force; as seen in the classification of the three leading states in this department of labor:—

No. of Mills.	State.	Capital Invested.	Wages Paid.	Value of Product.
28	Mass.	\$8,613,500	\$1,815,431	\$9,482,939
16	R.I.	5,912,500	1,093,727	6,874,254
60	Penn.	3,884,846	1,041,309	6,259,852

Nearly one half of the entire American production of felt goods comes from her, as indicated in the classification of the four leading states:—

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No. of Mills.	State.	Capital Invested.	Wages Paid.	Value of Product.
11	Mass.	\$820,000	\$163,440	\$1,627,320
6	N.J.	313,000	86,170	685,386
4	N.Y.	157,500	35,289	257,450
1	Penn.	150,000	80,000	450,000

Massachusetts is also an all-important factor in the total production of American carpets. The 59 mills in the United States made in 1880 a wholesale product valued at \$31,792,802. Massachusetts made the most Brussels, 1,884,723 yards; Pennsylvania came next with 919,476 yards. She came next to New York in yards of Tapestry, and next to Connecticut in Wiltons, a good second in these important grades. The three leading carpet states are thus classified:—

No. of Mills.	State.	Capital Invested.	Wages Paid.	Value of Product.
10	N.Y.	\$6,422,158	\$1,952,391	\$8,419,254
172	Penn.	7,210,483	3,035,971	14,304,660
7	Mass.	4,637,646	1,223,303	6,337,629

In the manufacture of Boots and Shoes Massachusetts stands conspicuously at the front; her position in this great industry is clearly seen in the three states controlling this special product:—

No. of Factories.	State.	Capital Invested.	Wages Paid.	Value of Product.
982	Mass.	\$21,098,133	\$24,875,106	\$95,900,510
272	N.Y.	6,227,537	4,902,132	18,979,259
145	Penn.	3,627,840	2,820,976	9,590,002

One evidence that Massachusetts is not sitting down all the time is the fact that she stands up to manufacture so many chairs. From a small beginning of wood and flag seated chairs, Mr. James M. Comee in 1805, with his foot lathe, in one room of his dwelling in Gardner. Mass., laid the foundation of this important industry, which has

given the town of Gardner, where over 1,000,000 of chairs are annually made, a world wide reputation.

The relative positions of the five leading chair states:—

No. of Factories.	State.	Capital Invested.	Wages Paid.	Value of Product.
62	Mass.	\$1,948,600	\$1,028,087	\$3,290,837
62	N.Y.	991,000	472,974	1,404,138
45	Penn.	111,700	143,037	437,010
37	Ohio	497,026	321,918	821,702
37	Ind.	395,850	232,005	632,746

In the currying of leather Massachusetts is a notable leader:—

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No. Establishments.	Capital State.	Wages Invested.	Value Paid.	of Product.
194	Mass.	\$4,308,169	\$1,939,122	\$23,282,775
185	N.Y.	1,720,356	366,426	6,192,002
455	Penn.	2,570,969	334,950	7,852,177
56	N.J.	1,983,746	762,697	8,727,128
61	Wis.	1,299,425	281,412	4,496,729
18	Ill.	534,786	141,096	2,391,380

Her position in the manufacturing of worsted goods is also an all important one:—

No. of Mills.	Capital State.	Wages Invested.	Value Paid.	of Product.
23	Mass.	\$6,195,247	\$1,870,030	\$10,466,016
28	Penn.	4,959,639	1,473,958	10,072,473
11	R.I.	4,567,416	1,222,350	6,177,754

Again we find her at the head of another very important industry, the manufacture of paper.

The five leading states in production are given their relative positions.

No. of Mills.	Capital State.	Wages Invested.	Value Paid.	of Product.
96	Mass.	\$11,722,046	\$2,467,359	\$15,188,196
168	N.Y.	6,859,565	1,217,580	8,524,279
60	Ohio	4,804,274	839,231	5,108,194
78	Penn.	4,099,000	752,151	5,355,912
65	Conn.	3,168,931	656,000	4,337,550

In 1880 Massachusetts manufactured 27,638 tons of printing paper, 24,746 tons of writing paper, 10,255 tons of wrapping paper, 945 tons of wall paper, 3,706,010 pounds of colored paper, 255,000 pounds of bank note paper, 878,000 pounds of tissue paper, and 27,607,706 pounds of all other kinds of paper.

She manufactures more shovels than any other state, about 120,000 dozen annually. Rhode Island comes next with about one-half the quantity, and Ohio stands third, her product being about 7,000 dozen annually.

It also falls to her lot to manufacture more Hay and Straw cutters, about 6,000 annually. In the manufacture of hard soap Massachusetts falls a little behind some of her sister states, but she comes smilingly to the front with her 16,000,000 pounds of soft soap, about one half of the total production. New York brings her annual offering of about 5,000 pounds.

The 4,000 boats she annually builds constitute nearly one half of the number built in the United States.

There are 131,426 persons in the United States engaged in the fisheries.

The prominent share of Massachusetts in this industry is seen in the classification of the five leading states.

State. No. of Capital Value
Persons Invested. of Product.
Employed.

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Mass.	20,117	\$14,334,450	\$8,141,750
Md.	26,008	6,342,443	5,221,715
N.Y.	7,266	2,629,585	4,380,565
Me.	11,071	3,375,994	3,614,178
Vir.	18,864	1,914,119	3,124,444

She has invested:—Over \$1,000,000 in the manufacture of Baskets and Rattan goods; over \$1,600,000 in the manufacture of Brick and Tile; over \$2,000,000 in the manufacture of Wagons and Carriages; over \$5,000,000 in the manufacture of Men's Clothing; over \$1,500,000 in the manufacture of Cordage and Twine; over \$2,000,000 in the manufacture of Cutlery; over \$3,000,000 in the manufacture of Fire Arms; over \$16,000,000 in the Foundries and Machine Shops; over \$2,000,000 in the manufacture of Furniture; over \$2,000,000 in the manufacture of Iron Nails and Spikes; over \$6,000,000 in the manufacture of Iron and Steel; over \$1,500,000 in the manufacture of Jewelry; over \$3,000,000 in the manufacture of Liquors, Malt; over \$3,000,000 in Slaughtering and Packing; over \$2,000,000 in Straw goods; over \$2,000,000 in Sugar and Molasses, refined; over \$2,000,000 in the manufacture of Watches; over \$2,000,000 in the manufacture of Wire, and over \$11,000,000 in unclassified industries.

The limitations of this article will only allow brief reference to a few of the leading industries of Massachusetts. The facts presented give her a commanding position in the sisterhood of manufacturing States, while the condition of her operatives, their moral and intellectual character, has no parallel in any other manufacturing district in the world.

On her well known but dangerous coast special provisions are made to aid the mariner; so likewise upon her more dangerous coast of sin we find 2,397 ministerial light houses whose concentrated spiritual lens-power upon an area of 8,040 square miles, make the rocks of total depravity loom up far above the white capped waves of theological doubt. The lower law being less important than the higher, it takes but 1,984 lawyers to successfully mystify the juries of the Commonwealth. Of physicians and surgeons there are 2,845. It requires the constant services of 2,463 persons to entertain us with music, and just one less, 2,462 barbers, who are in daily tonsorial conflict with our hair, either rebuking it where it does grow, or teasing it to come forth where heretofore the dome has been hairless.

Of the 4,000,000 farms of 536,081,835 acres in the United States, 38,406 farms of 3,359,097 acres valued at \$146,197,415 yielding an annual income of \$24,160,881 lie within the borders of the state. Her 150,435 cows produce 29,662,953 gallons of milk, which is the foundation of her annual product of 9,655,587 pounds of butter, and 829,528 pounds of cheese. She would be unjust to her traditional sense of justice were

she to send her beans out into the world single handed, with true paternal solicitude she provides

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them with the charmed society of 80,123 swine, thus hand in hand Massachusetts' pork and beans stride up and down the earth, supremely content in the joyous ecstasy of their Puritan conceit. While Massachusetts has well known agricultural tendencies, and her Agricultural college is one of the most important factors in her system of practical instruction, it cannot be claimed that she is a controlling element in the agricultural interests of the country. Of all her influences for good, perhaps her educational interests would command the greater prominence. She has ever regarded the instruction of her youth as one of her most sacred trusts, and in all the details of her public school system she ranks second to no state in the Union.

In the various departments of technical instruction, she has a national reputation. Her colleges and universities so richly endowed secure the highest attainable advantages. These privileges supplemented by the free public libraries of the state, place possibilities within the reach of every young man or young woman, the value of which cannot be approximated by human estimate.

Six of the leading states are thus classified:—

Public Schools.	State.	School Buildings.	Sittings Provided.	School Property.
6,604	Mass.	3,343	319,749	\$21,660,392
15,203	Ill.	11,880	694,106	15,876,572
11,623	Ind.	9,679	437,050	11,907,541
18,615	N.Y.	11,927	763,817	31,235,401
16,473	Ohio	12,224	676,664	21,643,515
18,618	Penn.	12,857	961,074	25,919,397

The following institutions for higher education have about \$5,000,000 invested in grounds and buildings, about \$9,000,000 in endowments, yielding an annual income of about \$1,000,000, having about 4,000 students and about 400,000 volumes in libraries, Universities and Colleges.

UNIVERSITIES AND COLLEGES.

Amherst College, organized	1821
Boston College, organized	1864
Boston University, organized	1872

College of the Holy Cross, organized	1843
Tufts College, organized	1852
Harvard College, organized	1636
Williams College, organized	1793

COLLEGES FOR WOMEN.

Mount Holyoke Female Seminary, organized	1837
Sophia Smith College, organized	1872
Wellesley College, organized	1874

THEOLOGICAL SCHOOLS.

Andover Theological Seminary, organized 1808
Boston University School of Theology, organized 1847
Divinity School of Harvard University, organized 1816
Episcopal Theological School, organized 1867
Tufts College Divinity School, organized 1867
Newton Theological Institution, organized 1825
New Church Theological School, organized 1866

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LAW SCHOOLS.

Boston University School of Law, organized	1872
Law School of Harvard University, organized	1817

SCHOOLS OF MEDICINE.

Boston University School of Medicine, organized	1869
Harvard Medical School, organized	1782
New England Female Medical College, organized	1850
Boston Dental College, organized	1868
Dental School Harvard College, organized	1867
Massachusetts College of Pharmacy, organized	1823

THE SCHOOLS OF SCIENCE.

Massachusetts Agricultural College, organized 1867
Massachusetts Institute of Technology, organized 1861
Lawrence Scientific School, organized 1848
Worcester County Free Institute of Industrial
Science, organized 1868

While Massachusetts is a model state in all her educational interests, we do not forget that there are 75,635 persons in the state who cannot read, and 92,980 persons who cannot write, but of the 990,160 native white persons of ten years and upwards only 6,933 are unable to write, being seven-tenths of one per cent., the lowest ratio of any state. Arkansas, per cent, being 25.0; Alabama, 24.7; Georgia, 22.9; Kentucky, 22.0; No. Carolina, 31.0; So. Carolina, 21.9; Tenn., 27.3; West Virginia, 18.2; Connecticut, 5.5; Illinois, 5.9; New Hampshire 5; Pennsylvania, 6.7; New York, 5.3.

There are 15,416 colored persons in the state, of 10 years and upwards; of this number 2,322 are unable to write, but from 10 to 14 years of age, both inclusive, these being 1,504, but 31 persons are reported as unable to write, or 2.1 per cent. South Carolina out of a colored population of 75,981 between the same ages, reports 57,072 persons as unable to write or 74.1 per cent. There are 1,886 colored persons in the state between the ages of 15 and 20, and only 70 are reported as unable to write, or 3.7 per cent.; we find this also the lowest ratio of any state.

South Carolina's per cent. being 71.9; Alabama, 64.9; Georgia, 76.4; Texas, 69.2; and North Carolina, 68.5.

Her density of population makes it exceedingly convenient for her 52,799 domestic servants to compose notes over neighborly fences. Her 281,188 dwelling houses house 379,710 families, placing 6.34 persons to the credit of each dwelling, and 4.70 persons to each family. This density gives her 221.78 persons to a square mile, a far greater ratio than any state except Rhode Island. This neighborly proximity has its social tendencies, which may account in part for the hospitable amenities which are a rightful part of Massachusetts' well known loyalty to a higher regard for the purest type of home, a comparative statement of the density of population of a few states.

State. Square Miles. Persons to Square Miles.

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Rhode Island,	1,085	254.87
Massachusetts,	8,040	221.78
Connecticut,	4,845	128.52
Georgia,	58,980	26.15
Illinois,	56,000	54.96
Iowa,	55,475	29.29
Maine,	29,895	21.71
Michigan,	57,430	28.50
New Hampshire,	9,005	38.53
New York,	47,620	106.74
Pennsylvania,	44,985	95.21
West Virginia,	24,645	25.09

As inseparable as night is from day, so also are the ills of life from life itself. Massachusetts is no exception to the inexorable law which defines the conditions of human society; but through her public and private charities so wisely administered, she humanely softens the asperities which shadow the life of her unfortunates. To her lot fall 1,733 idiotic persons, 978 deaf mutes, 5,127 insane, 1,500 of whom are cared for at home, and 3,659 prisoners, 1,484 of whom are of foreign birth. Human life teaches that the boundary lines of a smile and tear are the same, for where happiness is, there sorrow dwells. In the general estimate of 391,960 annual deaths in the United States, about 33,000 occur in Massachusetts.

One evidence of her unswerving faith in the national credit is seen by her holdings in U.S. registered bonds. The four leading states are reported as follows:—

No. of Persons.	State.	Per cent. of Bondholders.	Amount.
16,885	Massachusetts,	23.05	\$45,138,750
10,408	Pennsylvania,	14.23	40,223,050
14,803	New York,	20.24	210,264,250
4,130	Ohio,	5.65	16,445,050

In the classification of the four leading states, of assessed valuation and taxation, it appears that the assessed valuation of her personal property exceeds that of any state.

The four leading states are thus classified:—

Area State.	Real Sq. M.	Personal Estate.	Property.	Total Total.	Tax.
N.Y.	47.620	\$2,329,282,359	\$323,657,647	\$2,651,940,006	\$56,392,975
Penn.	44,985	1,540,007,657	143,451,059	1,683,459,016	28,604,334
Mass.	8,040	1,111,160,072	473,596,730	1,584,756,802	24,326,877
Ohio	40,760	1,093,677,705	440,682,803	1,534,360,508	25,756,658

The grandest monument of human skill in modern railway science is unquestionably the St. Gothard Tunnel which connects the valley of the Reuss with the valley of the Ticino, which is from 5,000 to 6,500 feet below the Alpine peaks of St. Gothard, being a little over 9-1/4 miles in length, costing over \$47,000,000, one-half of which was paid by the governments of Italy, Germany, and Switzerland. Until its completion in 1880, there was but one railway tunnel, Mont Cenis, that outranked our own Hoosac Tunnel of nearly 5 miles in length and costing about \$10,000,000.

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The service, equipment, and management of Massachusetts' railway system is well nigh perfect. Out of 4,100 miles of track in the state, 2,453 are laid with the steel rail. Including the 1,150 engines, 1,554 passenger cars, 394 baggage cars, and 24,418 freight cars, the total cost of railroad equipment in the state has been \$178,862,870; from this investment the total earnings in 1884 reached \$33,020,816 from which \$4,568,274 were paid in dividends. The number of passengers carried were 57,589,200 and 17,258,726 tons of freight moved. One of the most important elements in her system is the Boston and Albany. Its engine service the past year was 5,680,060 miles, the company carried 94,721 through passengers and 8,699,691 way, whose total earnings were \$8,148,713.34 and total expenses were \$5,785,876.98.

In this connection we would refer to the city and suburban tramway service, which has taken an important part in the development of the state. The total cost of the 336 miles of road and equipment, including 8,987 horses and 1,918 passenger cars is stated at \$9,093,935. Number of passengers carried in 1884 was 94,894,259, gross earnings \$4,788,096, operating expenses \$3,985,617, total available income \$924,440. When we consider that the street railway service carried more than 37,000,000 passengers in excess of the steam railways, we realize its importance.

While there are 66,205 more females than males in the state, in the wider distribution of the sexes their equality indicates that it could not happen by chance, and that marriage of one man to one woman was intended.

An authentic estimate of the numerical proportions of the sexes is as follows:—

United States, 983 women to 1,000 men; America, (at large) 980 women to 1,000 men; Scotland, 1,096 women to 1,000 men; Ireland, 1,050 women to 1,000 men; England and Wales, 1,054 women to 1,000 men; France, 1,007 women to 1,000 men; Prussia, 1,030 women to 1,000 men; Greece, 940 women to 1,000 men; Europe, (at large) 1,021 women to 1,000 men; Africa, (estimated) 975 women to 1,000 men; Asia, 940 women to 1,000 men; Australia, 985 women to 1,000 men. In an aggregate of 12,000 men there is a surplus of about 161 women.

Massachusetts has been making notable history ever since 1620, and in picking out here and there a few of the influences which have tended to develop her material resources, we would not be unmindful of those Christian influences which are also a part of her imperishable history.

To the lover of nature, perhaps no state in range of rugged coast and water views blended with mountainous background, can offer more pleasing bits of picturesque scenery. The historic hills of Berkshire and the beautiful Connecticut River, with its 50 miles of sweep through the state, ever hurrying on to the sea, have inspired the tireless shuttles of descriptive imagery to weave some of the finest threads in American thought.

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Nowhere within the range of human vision can the eye find a more restful scene of quiet simplicity and softer blending of river, hill and foliage, than in the valley of the Deerfield on any sunny summer day. Let him who would have a sterner scene of majestic grandeur stand upon the storm-beaten cliffs of some rock-fringed coast, while the silver-crested sea and the dark, deep toned clouds, like mercy and righteousness, kiss each other.

To us who love Massachusetts, her principles, her institutions, her hills, valleys and rocks, her future is but the lengthening out of a perfect present; and at last, when the scroll of states is finally rolled up, may her eternal record stand for the highest type of Christian citizenship.

[Footnote 4: Census of 1885.]

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ELIZABETH.[5]

A ROMANCE OF COLONIAL DAYS.

BY FRANCES C. SPARHAWK, Author of "A Lazy Man's Work."

CHAPTER XXVI.

A GRAVE DECISION.

After the greetings were over, Elizabeth, looking at Stephen Archdale, realized fully the difficulties of her task. She was to go through with it alone she perceived, for her father had turned away and taken up a spyglass that had been brought him at the moment, and was absorbed in looking through it at the new fascine battery. Evidently he expected her to give Captain Archdale the history of the facts and conclusions that had brought her father and herself to Louisburg. As she looked at the young man in his strength, she felt more than ever the necessity for speaking. He knew well enough that Mr. Edmonson hated him, and that was necessary to be known. And yet, speech was hard, for even though he could never imagine Edmonson's contemptible insinuations, still before he believed in his own danger he might have to learn his enemy's foiled purpose toward herself; and to be sought for her fortune was not a thing that Elizabeth felt proud of. Her head drooped a little as the young man stood watching her, and the color began to come into her face. Then the courage that was in her, and the power that she had of rising above petty considerations into grandeur, came upon her like an access of physical strength. The strong necessity filled her, and the thought that she might be bringing life where she had almost brought death, at least death of joy, lighted her face. Still she hesitated for a moment, but it was only to study how she should



begin. Shall she give him Katie's letter at once, and in her name warn him to take care of the life that was of so much value to his betrothed? No, for with Katie's letter in his hand, he could not listen carefully to Elizabeth's words, he could think only of what was within. His thoughts would refuse to have to do with danger; they would be busy with joy. That must wait.

"We have come here, my father and I," she began, "to say one word to you, Captain Archdale. We talked it over, and we saw no other way."

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"You are pale," cried Stephen suddenly. "You must be very tired. Let us sit down here while you tell me." And he pointed to a coil of rope at hand. But she shook her head.

"I am not tired, thank you; I am disappointed that I can't go back immediately, that I must wait until to-morrow, when the dispatches will be ready."

"You need not," he cried. "The General shall let you go if you wish it. I will insist upon it. The dispatches can go some other way. If the Governor wants news in such haste, he would do better to send us some powder to make them out of. He was enough in a hurry to get us off, to give us something to do after we are here."

"I should think you had something to do," she said pointing to the battlements of Louisburg which at that distance and from that angle looked as if no shot had ever been fired against them. "But don't on any account speak to the General. We are glad to do even so little for the cause. And perhaps it's not that that makes me pale. I don't know. I have a warning hard to deliver to you. I have come hundreds of miles to do it. I will give it to you immediately, for you may need it at any moment." She drew closer to him, and laid one hand upon his arm as if to prevent his losing by any chance the words she had to say. Her gesture had an impressiveness that made him realize as much as her face did how terribly in earnest she was.

"It must be something about Katie," he thought. And the vision of Lord Bulchester rose before him clearly.

"Listen," said Elizabeth absorbed in her attempt to make him feel what she feared would seem incredible to him. "Stray shots have picked off many superfluous kings in the world—and men and the world not been the wiser. This is what some one said when the war was being talked of, said at your house, and said in speaking of you."

"Said it to you?" interposed Archdale with a quick breath.

"Oh, no, but about you, I am sure, *sure*, though it has taken me all this time to find it out. And,—oh, wait a moment,—the man who said it was your guest then, and he is here now, else we should not have come; he is here, perhaps he is close by you every day, and he,—he is meaning the shot for you." She waited a moment drawing a breath of relief that she had begun. "You know he is your enemy?" she went on with a longing to be spared explanations.

She was spared them.

"I do know it," said Archdale looking at her, and as she met his eyes a great relief swept over her. Her warning had been heard and believed, she was sure of that. She heard Archdale thanking her, and assuring her that he would give good heed to her warning. And she had not had to tell why Edmonson hated him, she had not even been obliged

to utter the name that she was coming to hate. “Do you know?” she had asked wonderingly, and he had told it to her. Did he know the man so thoroughly, then? And were there other causes of hatred, possibly money causes, that had spared her?

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She had told her listener more than she dreamed, far more than her words. She had stood before him in the noblest guise a human being can wear, that of a preserver from evil fate; she had looked at him out of holy depths in her clear eyes, she had turned upon him a face in which expression had marvellously brought out physical beauty. Also, in her unconsciousness that he knew the reason of his danger, she had looked at him with a wonder at his ready credulity before there had come her smile of relief that she need speak no more. He knew Edmonson's story, knew how this play at marriage between Elizabeth and himself had interfered with the other's plans, guessed the further truth, looked at her, and muttered under his breath:—"Poor fellow!" It was with his own eyes, and not another man's that Archdale saw Elizabeth. Yet, it was not in human nature that she should not seem the more interesting as she stood there, since he had learned his own life to be in danger because another man had found her so desirable, and so unapproachable. Watching Elizabeth, he acquitted Edmonson of mercenary motives, whatever they might once have been. His appreciation had no thought of appropriation in it. Katie was his love. But comprehension of Elizabeth made him glad that their mistake had saved her from Edmonson. And then again after a moment he muttered under his breath:—"Poor fellow!"

"You are very, very kind," he said to her.

"Don't think me rude," she answered with a smile. "But, you know we must have done this for any one. Only,"—and her voice became earnest again, "I was very grateful that the least thing came to me for you and Katie. I have not done with Katie yet" she added, "here is something that I have brought you from her." And she handed him a letter. "She gave me this as I was leaving," she said.

"Thank you," he said again, and holding it clasped in his hand, stood not looking at it, but as if he still had something to say. "Has Bulchester gone yet, Mistress Royal?" he asked abruptly at last.

"No. But I think that he must be very hard to send away, and Katie you know hates to say anything unkind. She doesn't see that it is the kindest way in the end. We shall not go until to-morrow, you know. If you have any letters, we shall be so glad to take them."

"Thank you once more." He stood still a moment. "The earl may be wise to stay on the field," he said. "I may be swept off conveniently. Yes, he is wise to wait and see what the fortunes of war will do for him."

"Oh! Mr. Archdale," cried Elizabeth, between indignation and tears at his want of faith. "How can you not trust her? Your letter that she was so eager to send will prove how wrong you are." Here Mr. Royal sauntered up, and the conversation turned upon the scene before them.

But in the midst of Archdale's description of one of their skirmishes a signal was given from the new battery. "They are signalling for me," he said. "My place is in command of those guns. I am sorry to leave my story half told, but I must go. I shall try to see you to-morrow." And with a hasty farewell he sprang into the boat. As he was rowed away, Elizabeth saw him put his hand into the pocket where he had slipped Katie's letter, and draw this out.

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She sat down again in her favorite place on deck, laid her arms on the railing of the schooner and her face upon them. Now that her errand was done, she became aware that she was very tired. She sat so quiet that she seemed to be asleep. But she was only in a day-dream in which the thought of which she was most conscious was wonder that Archdale could doubt Katie. Had she not always been a coquette? And had she not always loved him? Yet Elizabeth wished that she could have said that Lord Bulchester had gone, wished that she could have seen Stephen Archdale's face brighten a little before he left them, perhaps forever; she had not forgotten the danger of his post. Nancy softly drew her chair close. But Elizabeth made no movement. She sat with her face still buried, thinking, remembering, longing to be at home again, counting the hours until they should probably sail.

Suddenly she started up. For there had come light that she saw through the dark folds that she had been pressing her eyes against. To her there was a sound as if the heavens were being rent, and she felt a trembling of the earth, as if it shook with terror at the spectacle. She stood a moment bewildered. It seemed as if the light never paled at all, but only changed its place sometimes; the roar was terrific, it never ceased, or lulled, and the water beneath them tossed and hissed in rage at its bed being so shaken. Nancy's hand sought her companion's with a reassuring pressure, for speech was impossible. But Elizabeth had only been unprepared. She recovered herself and smiled her thanks. Then she sat down again with her face toward the city and watched this cannonade, terrible to men grown grey in the service, as officers from the fleet bore witness, and to the enemy deadly.

For the fascine battery had opened fire.

At midnight General Pepperell sent for Archdale to detail him for special service the next day.

"Why! what's the matter?" he cried, looking at the young man as he came into the tent.

"Nothing, General Pepperell. I am quite ready for service," replied Stephen haughtily.

"Ah!—Yes. Glad of that," returned the General, and he went on to give his orders, watching the other's pale face as he did so, and reading there strong emotion of some kind.

When he was alone, and his dispatches had all been written, he sat musing for a time, as little disturbed by the glare and the thunder about him as if stillness were an unknown thing. His cogitations did not seem satisfactory, for he frowned more than once. "What's the matter with the fellow?" he muttered. "Something has gone wrong. I've seen an uneasiness for a long time. Now the blow has fallen. Poor fellow! he doesn't take life easy. The news is it, I wonder? or the letter?" He sat for a while

carefully nursing his left knee, while his thoughts gradually went back to military matters, and worked there diligently. At last he straightened himself, clapped this same

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knee with vigor, put both feet to the ground and, rising, took up from his improvised table—a log turned endwise,—a paper upon which he made a note with a worn pencil from his pocket. “Yes,” he cried, “I can do that. It’s the only thing I can do. And I need it so much they will not mind.” He finished by a smile. “Strange I hadn’t thought of it before,” he said.

Then he threw himself down upon his bed of boughs and moss, and with the terrific din about him slept the sleep of weariness. At sunrise, according to his directions, an orderly roused him.

Archdale had already gone with his reconnoitering party. His heart was bitter against the conditions of his life, and he felt that it would be no misfortune, perhaps quite the contrary, if Edmonson’s plan were not interfered with. “It’s beyond her comprehension,” he said to himself. “How confident she was. What will she say when she knows?”

In the morning, Elizabeth standing beside her father turned a tired face toward the shore as she watched General Pepperell’s approach. Sleep had been impossible to her in the strangeness and terror of her surroundings.

“You are very thoughtful to come to bid us good-bye,” she said, giving him her hand as he stepped on board.

He smiled, and still holding it, asked after a moment’s hesitation, “Should you be very much disappointed if I begged you not to return this morning?”

She certainly looked so for a moment, before she answered: “If it will help, if I can be of any use, I am ready to stay. Are there soldiers in the hospitals? Can we do anything for them, Nancy and I?”

He caught at the diversion readily. “The hospitals? Yes, I should be very glad, infinitely obliged to you, if you would pay them a visit. I’ve not a doubt that your suggestions would make the poor fellows more comfortable, and there are a number of new ones there this morning. I’m sorry to say our health record is discouraging. Not that I’m discouraged, but I want to put this business through as quickly as possible.” Then he turned to Mr. Royal. “I must tell you both,” he said, “that I came to you this morning bent upon purposes of destruction, (though, happily, not to yourselves,) and not purposes of health, except of saving lives by making the work as short as possible. I should like this schooner. I have an immediate use for it, and in two days, or, at the outside, three, I’m going to send to Boston. Will you permit me to take this as a fire-ship, and will you remain under my especial care until this other vessel sails?” He turned to Elizabeth as he spoke. “If you consent,” he said to her, “I am quite sure your father will. It will be a

great favor to me, and I hope to the cause, if you do. But I won't insist upon it. If you say so you shall go this morning."

Elizabeth glanced at her father, "But I don't say so," she answered. "I am compelled to stay if my father consents. It's not you that make me but a stronger power. You won't be offended if I call patriotism a stronger power?" And she smiled at him.

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"Thank you, my dear," he said with a gravity which showed that she had touched him. "You shall not regret your sacrifice."

In the course of conversation he told Mr. Royal that Archdale had been sent off at dawn upon an exploring expedition. "I want to find out how near to us the Indians are," he said, "they are hanging about somewhere. You will not see him to-day."

That morning, Elizabeth was rowed ashore with Nancy, and under an escort they went to the hospitals; not for a visit of inspection, as it turned out, but as workers. Nancy had had experience in illness, and Elizabeth was an apt pupil. Before the day was over the poor fellows lying there felt a change. There were no luxuries to be had for them, but their beds were made a little softer with added moss and leaves, the relays of fresh water from the brook running through the encampment were increased. One dying man had closed his eyes in the conviction that the last words he had sent to his mother would reach her; he had watched Elizabeth write them down, and she had promised to put a lock of his hair into the letter. He was sure that she would do it, and he died happier for the thought. Altogether, in many ways the comfortless tents grew less comfortless, for Elizabeth interpreted literally the general's permission to do here what she chose. The eyes of the soldiers followed both women with delight, and one rugged fellow, a backwoods man, whose cheerfulness not even a broken leg and a great gash in his forehead could destroy, volunteered the statement: "By George! whether in peace or war we need our women." This was responded to by a cheer from the inmates of his tent. The demonstration was all the more touching, because its endeavor to be rousing was marred in the execution by the physical weakness of the cheerers.

They spent that night on shore. Elizabeth's tent was next her father's and a few rods from the general quarters. As Mr. Royal left her, she stood a moment at the swinging door of her strange room, and looked at the stars and at the scene so new to her on which they were shining. Then leaving it reluctantly, for it fascinated her, she laid down upon the woodland couch prepared for her, and was soon as soundly asleep as her maid near by, while around the tent patrolled the special guard set by General Pepperell.

The next day also was spent in the hospital. In the course of the afternoon, Nancy, looking over the Bay in a vain search for the schooner which had brought them, said; "I wonder how we really shall get home, and when?"

"As General Pepperell promised us," answered her mistress. "And probably we shall leave to-morrow. I expect to hear from him about it then. So does my father; he was speaking of it this morning."

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They were right; the next day the General told them that the "Smithhurst" would sail that afternoon with prisoners of war from the "Vigilant," a captured French vessel. "She is one of the ships that Governor Shirley has sent for to guard the coast," he said to Elizabeth speaking of the "Smithhurst." "She goes to Boston first to report and discharge her prisoners. Be ready at four o'clock. If I can, I will take you to the vessel myself; but if that is impossible, everything is arranged for your comfort. Your father is at the battery, I have just left him there. He is undeniably fond of powder. I've told him about this." Elizabeth was in one of the hospital tents when Pepperell came to her with this news. She staid there with Nancy all the morning, and at noon when her father came and took her away for awhile to rest, she had an earnest talk with him upon some subject that left her grave and pleased.

After a time she went back to the hospitals again. At the last moment the General sent an escort with word that he had been detained. Just before this message arrived, Elizabeth called her maid aside.

"Nancy," she said, "you see how many of our soldiers are here, hundreds of them, almost thousands. They are fighting for our homes, even if the battle-ground is so far away. And see how many have been sent in, in the short time we have been here. Do you want to desert them? Tell me how you feel? Shall we go back to our comfortable home, and leave all this suffering behind us, when we might do our little to help? Shall we, Nancy? I have no right to insist upon your staying; but don't you think we ought to stay? and won't you stay with me?"

"Indeed I will," was the quick answer. "I hated to leave the poor fellows, but I did not see what else to do. The General won't like it one bit though. And your father, Mistress Elizabeth?"

"The General has no authority over me. I'm not one of his soldiers. And as to my father, it's all right with him."

Yet she felt very desolate when the ship which was to have carried them had gone with its companion vessel, and from the door of one of the hospital tents she stood watching the white sails in the distance. But it was not that resolution had failed her; for she would have made the same decision over again if she had been called upon at the moment.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE NIGHT ATTACK.

As Elizabeth stood at the door of the hospital tent looking after the Smithhurst, General Pepperell came along, alone, in a brown study, his brows knit and his face troubled. For

though the French ship-of-war, “Vigilant” had been captured, Louisburg had not, and every day was adding to the list of soldiers in the hospitals. But when he saw her, he stopped, and his expression, at first of surprise, changed to anger.

“What does this mean?” he said abruptly. “The ship has sailed. I sent you word in time.”

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"Yes," she answered.

"Then what does it mean?" he reiterated, "Why are you here?"

"It means," she returned, resenting the authority of his tone, "that when New England men are fighting and suffering and dying for their country, New England women have not learned how to leave them in their need, and sail away to happy homes. That's what it means, General Pepperell." As she spoke she saw Archdale behind the General; he had come up hastily as Pepperell stood there.

"Thought you were in a desperate hurry to be off," said Pepperell dryly.

Elizabeth blushed. She was convicted of changeableness, and she felt that she had been impatient. "Forgive me," she said. "So I was. But I did not realize then what I ought to do."

"Um! Where's your father?"

"Just gone out in the dispatch boat to the fleet."

"Does he know of this—this enterprise? Of course, though," he corrected himself, "since he has not sailed."

"Yes, of course," she said. "He stays with me. But," she added, "I suppose he expected me to ask you about it first."

"And you knew I wouldn't consent—hey?"

The girl smiled without speaking. "Mr. Royal is over-indulgent," he went on decidedly.

"Perhaps," answered Elizabeth, "He thinks that a little over-indulgence in being useful will not be bad for me. You assured both Nancy and me that we were doing good service, real service, and that you should be sorry to lose us."

"So you have done, and I shall be sorry to lose you, both personally and for the cause. Nevertheless, I shall send you home at once. Your father would never have consented to your staying if he had realized the danger. I never know where the shells will burst. I'll stop work upon that schooner that you came in, and send you home again in it. It's fitting up now as a fire-ship, but it can be made fairly comfortable. Your safety must be considered."

"Why is my safety of any more importance than the soldiers'? No, General, you have no right to send me away. I refuse to go. I am not speaking of military right, understand, but of moral right."

Pepperell gave a low whistle.

"That's it, is it?" he said. "One thing, however; if you stay, you must submit to my orders. You are under military law."

"I surely will. And now thank you," she returned with a smile so winning that, although for her own sake Pepperell had been angry, he relented.

"Oh, of course, it's very good in you, my dear," he said. "Don't think I forget that."

Capt. Archdale had been standing a little apart looking out to sea during a conversation in which he had no place. Now as he perceived the General about to move on, he came forward and spoke to Elizabeth. "You know that you are running a great risk?" he said to her gravely.

"Yes," she answered him, "or at least somewhat of a risk. When did you come back from your reconnoitering party?"

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"The night before last," he said, not pursuing a subject that she did not wish to discuss with him. Elizabeth heard something hard in his voice, and saw a new sternness in his face that made her wonder suddenly if Katie's letter had lacked any kindness that Stephen deserved from her as he stood in the midst of danger and death. Could she have shown coquetry, or in any way teased him now?

"Well, good-by for the present, my dear, and Heaven keep you," said the General, giving her hand a cordial pressure. Archdale bowed, and the two went on, Pepperell at first full of praises of Elizabeth's courage, though he regretted her decision. But life and death hung upon his skill and promptness, and he had little time for thoughts of anything but his task. Henceforth he only took care that Mr. Royal and his daughter were as well protected, and as well cared for as circumstances permitted.

Yet, one evening soon afterward, he saw something which for the moment interested him very much. Elizabeth, with Nancy Foster who was now more companion than maid, was walking slowly toward her tent. Both were looking at the gorgeous sunset. Its brilliancy, vying with that of the deadly fireworks, offered a contrast all the more striking in its restfulness and happy promise. The two women had grown somewhat accustomed to the cannonade, and as they went on they seemed to be talking without noticing it. Just then a figure in captain's uniform came quickly up the slope toward them, and with a most respectful salute, stood bare-headed before Elizabeth.

"Edmonson," commented the General even before he caught sight of his face. "Nobody else has that perfection of manner. Stephen won't condescend to it. Edmonson is the most graceful fellow I know. And, upon honor, I believe he is the most graceless. But his theories can't harm that woman." Yet as Pepperell stood watching the young man's expression now that it was turned toward him, and understood by his gestures the eager flow of words that was greeting Elizabeth, he held his breath a moment with a new perception, muttered a little, and stood staring with the frown deepening on his face. He wanted to catch her answering look, but she had turned about in speaking and her back was toward him. In an impatient movement at this, he changed his own range of vision somewhat, and all at once caught sight of another face, also bent upon Elizabeth with eager curiosity to catch her expression. Pepperell turned away delighted. "After all, he's not too much of a grand seigneur to have a little human curiosity," he chuckled, watching the new figure. "Yes, we'll do very well to go on a reconnoitering expedition together, you and I, Captain Archdale!" And he laughed to himself as he slipped quietly away, without having been perceived. "More news to write to pretty Mistress Katie," he commented, still full of amusement. Then his thoughts went back again to the problem that was growing daily more

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perplexing. And as he was again becoming absorbed in it, he was conscious of an undercurrent of wonder that he could ever have laughed. The thing next to be done was to make an attack up Island Battery, the one most serviceable to the enemy, most annoying to themselves. So long as that belched forth its fires against them, Warren's fleet must remain outside, and there could be no combined attack upon the city, and Louisburg was still unconquerable. Any day might bring a French fleet to its rescue, and then the game was up. Beyond question, Island Battery must be attacked, but it was a difficult and dangerous attempt, and Pepperell sat with his head upon his hand, thinking of the men that must fall even if it were successful. Still, every day now some among the soldiers were smitten down by disease and the French ships were nearer. It was only a question of sacrificing a part of his army or the whole of it. Warren was right to urge the measure, and it must be pressed upon his Council. But Pepperell felt as if he were being asked to sign a hundred death-warrants.

It was not quite time for the members of his Council to assemble. He went to the nearest battery where the firing was hottest, sighted the direction of the guns, examined the state of the city walls where these had been played upon by them, cheered the gunners with his praise, even jested with one of them, and left the men more full of confidence in him, more desirous than ever to please him, and, if possible, more resolved to win the day. Not a trace of anxiety in his face or his tones had betrayed the weight that was upon him. Then he went back to his tent. The Council had assembled. When he took his place at the head, he had forgotten the incident that a few minutes before had moved him to laughter.

Archdale stood motionless. The underbrush hid him from the speakers, and he was too far off to hear a word. It seemed to him that Elizabeth wished to shorten the interview, for soon Edmonson with another of his inimitable bows retired and she passed on. As Stephen caught sight of her face he saw that it was troubled. "He shall not persecute her," he said to himself. Nancy had gone on while Edmonson was speaking to her mistress, and now Elizabeth following was almost at the door of her temporary home, when a hand was laid heavily upon Archdale's shoulder, and Vaughan's hearty voice cried;—

"Come on! I'm going to speak to our charming, brave young lady there. I want to tell her how proud of her courage I am. Come on! he repeated. Stephen followed. He had not taken her determination in this way. He thought her unwise and rash, and hated to have her there. And yet he could not deny that the camp had seemed a different place since she had entered it.

"You take it that way," he said to Vaughan. "But I think we should be feeling that she may get hit some of these days, or be down with fever."

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"We'll hope not," returned the other cheerfully. "Let us look on the bright side. She is doing a work of mercy, and we will trust that a merciful Providence will protect her. We were just talking about you, Mistress Royal," he continued, striding up to Elizabeth and grasping her hand warmly. "Stephen, here, says he's always thinking you'll get hit somehow, or get a fever. I say, look on the bright side of things, 'trust in the Lord,' as old Cromwell used to put it."

"And keep your powder dry," finished Archdale. "It's not safe to quote things by halves. Decidedly, this staying is not a prudent thing."

"I didn't know that beseiging Louisburg could be called a prudent thing," she returned. "And so we're all in the same boat."

"Ha! ha!" laughed Vaughan. "You have him there, Mistress Royal. He's always in the hottest places himself; he likes them best."

"Somebody else likes them, too; somebody else who can capture Royal Battery with thirteen men," said Elizabeth. "I knew long ago that you were a genuine war-horse, Colonel Vaughan. Give me credit for my discernment."

"Yes, yes, I remember," assented the other with the embarrassment of courage at finding itself commended. "But, really, against such a cowardly crew as those fellows were, there's no credit at all to be gained."

She made him a bright reply, and Archdale listened in silence as they talked. But she noticed his gloomy face, and secretly wondered if it was anxiety about Edmonson that troubled him, or if possibly, he was displeased with Katie. But she put away for the second time the latter suggestion. The girl had never looked prettier or been more affectionate than when she had said good-by to her and given her the letter for "poor, brave Stephen," as she had tearfully called him. Archdale could not help listening to Elizabeth; there seemed to be a witchery about her whenever she opened her lips. It was probable that Edmonson felt it, he thought. And he began to wonder how things would all end. Perhaps they should all be shot and the affair wind up like some old tragedy where the board is swept clean for the next players. For his part, too much had gone from his life to make the rest of it of interest. Elizabeth turned to him.

"Are you busy?" she asked. "I mean are you on duty?"

"No," he answered, wondering what was coming, and noticing that her tall, slight figure seemed all the more elegant for the simplicity of her dress. "Can I do anything for you?" he added.

"Yes, thank you," she answered, "You can, if you are willing. I am going to get some medicine that the doctors have asked me to keep, because it is very powerful, and they

were afraid lest some of the men would be careless with it. Nancy is bringing the bandages. Here she is now. Thank you," as the girl put a phial into her hand. "There is extra work to be done to-day," she went on, turning again to Archdale, "and we are short of hands. If you don't mind, and will come, we shall be glad of your help."

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Captain Archdale playing at nurse with private soldiers! The young man did not fancy the idea at all; he would much rather have led a forlorn hope.

But no forlorn hope offered, and this did. Of course he would do anything for Mistress Royal, but this was not for her at all. He had half a mind to excuse himself. As the suggestion came to him, he looked into the steady eyes that were watching him fathoming his reluctance, ready for approval or for scorning as the answer might be. His look took in her whole appearance, and set him wondering if the privates, some of whom had been even his neighbors and his boyish playfellows, could offend his dignity more than hers? He began to wonder how her eyes would change if they looked at him approvingly.

"I will go with pleasure, if you'll put up with an awkward fellow," he answered. And Colonel Vaughan who was looking on was not aware that he had hesitated.

Elizabeth's eyes darkened. She smiled and nodded her head slightly, as if to say, "I knew you would do it." But after this the trace of a smile lurked for a moment in the corners of her mouth, as if she might have added: "I know, too, what it has cost you." But she said nothing at all to Archdale. She bade good-by to Colonel Vaughan who protested that he wished he was not upon duty, and turned again toward the hospital. Suddenly Archdale thought that she might have been asking the same thing of Edmonson when she had been talking with him just before. If she had, it was very certain that Edmonson had found an engagement immediately. Upon the whole, Archdale was satisfied to have done what the other would not do. So that it was just as well he did not know that that other had not been asked.

Was there ever another woman in the world like this one, he asked himself late that night, recalling that she had been for hours beside him, treating him just as if he were a crook to raise a soldier's head, if she wanted to rearrange his pillow, or a machine to reel off bandages round that poor Melvin's shattered arm, or to do any other trying service, and never even imagine that he would like to be thanked or treated humanely, while every look and word and thought of hers was for the soldiers. It was so different from what he had always found, and yet there was the nobleness of self-forgetfulness in the difference. But for all this vivid memory of those hours, it was imagination rather than recollection that occupied him most with her when she had left him. For he was picturing how she would look, and what she would say, when she read the letter that he had slipped into her hand as she was going away. He recalled her look of amazement, her beginning:—"Why, it's—" and then breaking off abruptly, perceiving that only peculiar circumstances could have made him give her Katie's letter to read, and perhaps divining the truth. For she had suddenly become very grave and had replied absently to his good-night, as on her father's she had

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turned from the hospital. The young man, wondering how she would receive the news of Katie's treachery, asked himself what she could find now in excuse for the girl who had used her faithful friend as the unconscious messenger of her broken plight? Stephen knew well enough that the old glamour would come back, but to-night he was full only of indignation against Katie. To have used Elizabeth as she had done was an added sin.

"I wish Bulchester joy of her," he muttered, then with a sharp breath recollected that this was only a respite, that he should not always feel too scornful for pain.

Three nights after this there was a silent and solemn procession down to the shore. Island Battery was to be attacked. Here was Archdale's forlorn hope ready for him, if he wanted it now. Every chance of success depended upon secrecy. The venture was so desperate that the General could not make up his mind to pick out the men himself, he called for volunteers. They came forward readily, incited, not only by courage and the desire to end the siege, but by ambition to be distinguished among their comrades who stood about them in hushed expectation. Every soldier off duty and able to crawl to the shore, and some who should not have attempted it were there. Among this crowd stood two women, scarcely apart from the others, and yet everywhere that they moved, given place to with the unobtrusive courtesy that has always marked American men, so that one woman in a host of them feels herself, should danger come, in an army of protectors, and otherwise alone. Elizabeth had meant to be here earlier, and to put herself by the General's side, for her father had gone with dispatches to the fleet, but her duties had detained her, and now she was separated from him by nearly a regiment. She stood silent in an anxiety that did not lessen because she told herself that it was foolish.

Captain Brooks was to command the expedition, and the number of men needed to accompany him was fast being made up from the eager volunteers. In the dimness she recognized Archdale by an unconscious haughtiness of bearing, and Edmonson's voice, though lowered to suit the demands of the hour, made her shiver. Yet why? Of course they both were here; volunteers were stepping out from the ranks of their companies. But they themselves were not going, neither would they be left here alone together. Boat after boat with scaling ladders was filled with soldiers and shoved off, some of them out of sight in the dimness where the men, lying on their oars, waited for their comrades. In this way one after another disappeared. Things went on well. Elizabeth began to be reassured, to be occupied with the scene about her, to remember the importance of the expedition and how many times it had been unsuccessfully attempted. She began to think of the attack, of the result, and of the soldiers, to rejoice in them, to be proud of them, and to tremble for them, as one who has no individual interest at stake.

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It was only at night that the attempt could be made, only in certain states of the tide, and still at the best time it was a terrible venture; the work was new for the troops; the walls were high, the enemy was vigilant. With a sigh she saw another boat shove off to its fate.

The volunteering slackened, either because so many of the men left were aware that fatigue and illness had undermined their strength, or because the night had grown lowering and the ominous roar of breakers reached them from their landing place. Finally a distinct pause came in answer to the call: "Who next?"—a pause that lasted a minute, and that, had it lasted another, would have meant discouragement, and perhaps despair.

"I," said a firm voice, and Elizabeth saw Stephen Archdale step into the boat. A strange feeling came over her for a moment, then a wave of admiration for his heroism. If he were to die, it would be a soldier's death. Yet, there would be so many to mourn him. If he went to his death in this way, how would Katie feel? General Pepperell started forward, as if to prevent his embarking, then restrained himself. The men responded rapidly after this example, until the boat needed only one more. Then there fell upon Elizabeth's ears, a name more frightful to her than the boom of the surf or the roar of cannon, and Edmonson stepped in and seated himself opposite Archdale.

"Two captains in one boat!" she heard a soldier remonstrate.

"Nonsense! we're full. Shove off instantly, you laggards. Every minute tells," said the newcomer in a hoarse undertone.

Elizabeth sprang forward. "No, no," she cried impetuously, forgetting everything but the terror.

But the calling of the names was going on again, and her voice was unheard, except by a few who stood near her. Before she could make her way up to the General, the boat pulled by the vigorous strokes of the men who had been taunted as laggards, had shot out of sight. "Oh! bring them back, bring back that last boat," she implored Pepperell in such distress that he, knowing her a woman not given to idle fears, felt a sense of impending evil as he answered:

"My dear, I cannot. No boat is sure of meeting it in the dark, and to call would endanger the expedition."

There was no use in explaining now. She would have occasion enough to do it sometime, she feared; and then it would be useless. To-night she could say nothing. All these days she had dreaded what might come, for it did not seem to her that Captain Archdale took any care at all. Still, in the camp, out of general action, and surrounded by others, there had been comparative safety.

Now the hour, the place, and the purpose had met. Through the darkness Stephen Archdale was going to his doom.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A WOUNDED MAN.

The General sent Elizabeth away very kindly. She sent the weary Nancy to bed and went back to the hospital. But anxiety mastered her so that she could not keep her hands from trembling or her voice from faltering when there was most need for steadiness.

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"You are exhausted, Mistress Royal, you ought not to be here," said one of the surgeons sternly. "Go and rest."

"Oh, please let me stay," she pleaded with a humility so new that he looked at her with curiosity.

"Hush!" said his assistant making an excuse to draw him aside. "Don't you know she's been watching the men set out for the Fort?"

Elizabeth found words of comfort for a soldier who was mourning because his wife would have no one to look after her, if he died. "I will help her," she said. And then, by the light of the flaring candle, she wrote down the woman's address. She repeated verses of Scripture for some who asked her for them, and found a little steadiness of voice in doing it. But through everything she saw Archdale's vigorous form and heard Edmonson's passionate voice and his words. With such a marksman, and at such range, how could a shot stray!

But she dreaded still more the time when the expedition should return. To-night she bitterly regretted that the General had not been told her errand, and saw that when Mr. Royal urged it, it had been the wish to save her that had made Stephen Archdale ask him not to do it.

Three hours after the start she heard that the expedition had failed. All that was left was returning, the wounded would soon be brought in. Her little strength deserted her for the moment. She sank down helpless in the shadow. Then she rose and went forward.

As the boat lay rocking on the waves waiting for the others, Archdale took his bearings. Leaning towards the stern, he said to one of his men:—

"Greene will you change places with me?" If the man had thought the request more than a whim, he would have supposed it to be because the captain considered his new choice a more dangerous post. Archdale seating himself again glanced toward the bow. He was now on the same side with Edmonson and the fourth man from him. It would be somewhat difficult to have the latter's gun go off by accident and be sure of its mark, and Greene was safe so far as exemption from an enemy at hand was concerned. Archdale would have preferred Edmonson's left hand but when it came to disembarking, his enemy should precede him.

"Better cushions?" asked Edmonson with a sneering laugh under which he tried to hide his anger. "Can't see any other motive for your running the risk of capsizing us."

"It is very presumptuous to do anything for which Captain Edmonson cannot see the motive," returned Archdale haughtily.

“By Heavens!” cried Edmonson in another moment “You’re bound to die in character if it come to a question of dying and of course it will with some of us.”

Stephen made no answer. He felt more strongly than ever that he needed good eyes and firm nerves. To be killed like a rat in a trap! His blood ran too warm in his veins to submit tamely to this. When the struggle should come yonder it mattered little whether it was by Edmonson’s shot or another’s, for if he fell in the heat of the conflict it would always be said that he died a soldier’s death. And if he lived to come back Edmonson, should take boat first. He turned himself slightly toward his foe, and sat silent and observant.

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Had Elizabeth noticed them enter the boat together? He had thought of saying good-by, for his volunteering was no sudden resolve, but had been his determination from the first. But if he died, what real difference would that make to her? And if he came back, the leave taking would seem an absurdity. He seemed still to see the outline of her slender figure, as with her shawl wrapped about her like a mantle she had stood bare-headed in the cold May evening.

Had he dreamed that Edmonson had learned of Katie's desertion, and was full of rage at every word of courtesy or interest that he spoke to Elizabeth, he would have felt his chance of life still less.

"Can't you hitch along, you fellow next me?" cried Edmonson. "I'm so cramped here I can't move a muscle, and I suspect we shall want them all in good order pretty soon. We are coming up to the old walls. Swift and steady, boys. Every man be ready with his muskets."

As he spoke, he took up his own weapon and examined it in the dimness. Then, still holding it in his right hand, he laid that arm along the edge of the boat as if to relieve it from the cramped position he had complained of. Archdale saw that the muzzle was pointed directly at him and that the hand which held it in apparent carelessness was working almost imperceptibly towards the trigger. That would not be touched quite yet, however, a shot now would alarm the garrison and be inexcusable. The accident would happen in the excitement of landing. Archdale's left hand that he with as great indifference as Edmonson's laid upon the boat's edge was steady. He leaned forward a little to be out of range, and they went on in silence.

The clouds grew denser, the waves swelled more and more at the violence of the wind, and the storm, nearer every minute, seemed about to unite with the fiery storm that awaited the devoted band.

"Look," said Archdale suddenly, "I believe they have discovered us." He raised his left hand as he spoke, and pointed to the Battery. Lights were glancing there, and something had given it an air of ponderous observation, as if eyes were looking through the walls and movements going on behind them. All the men scanned the battery earnestly except the speaker whose eyes were watchfully turned upon his neighbor, and who for reward saw Edmonson's fingers covertly placing themselves on the trigger, while his face was still toward the fortifications.

"Yes, it's all up with us," cried the latter, "we are discovered," In the movement of speech he was turning to Archdale, preparatory to dropping measuring eyes upon the musket, when the latter called out:—

"See! they are going to fire." And with the words he dropped his left arm with a swift and accidental sweep by which his hand hitting forcibly against Edmonson's which was

unprepared, struck it off the boat into the water. The pistol sent its ball spinning into the sea, running along Archdale's sleeve as it passed. The pistol itself lay under the water for the instant that Edmonson's hand rested there. The flintlock was wet, the weapon was useless.

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Its owner turned upon his clumsy companion in a rage. But before he could speak the guns of the battery blazed out, and in the iron shower that followed there was no thought for anything but that of saving themselves as much as possible.

Round shot would have danced over the water and left them comparatively safe; but in the deadly hail of language such escape was impossible. Every moment of it inflicted torturing wounds or death. The boats were beached with all speed at the foot of the monster which belched forth this red hot torrent wounding wherever it fell. But they had been thrown into confusion, and while some of them struggled to the shore, the occupants of others in their terror drew back out of harm's way, and left their comrades to their fate. Edmonson's was not the only flintlock wet, as the soldiers, weary and dispirited, toiled up from the surf. They tried their scaling ladders, they fought for a time with that desperate courage which never forsook them. Their captain cheered them with his bravest words and deeds, and Archdale and Edmonson were foremost in every post of danger until one fell badly wounded.

But from the first the expedition was doomed. After an hour's conflict the recall was sounded, and the remnant of the scaling party straggled and staggered to their boats, some carrying wounded comrades, some themselves wounded and faint. But many had been taken prisoners by the French, and many lay dead and dying. Elizabeth stood waiting for the wounded to be brought in, and for the roll of the dead. The first man who came walking steadily toward her, turning about at every few steps to see that the men behind him were carrying their burden on their stretchers carefully, was Archdale.

"You?" she said wonderingly. "I thought—I was afraid—."

"Yes, I have come back," he answered; "and it is through your warning. Such as my life is, you have saved it."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[Footnote 5: Copyright, 1884, by Frances C. Sparhawk.]

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

It is surprising how few people, comparatively speaking, are aware of the fact, that the history of Boston has been treated as the history of no other city in this country has been. The year 1880 was the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of its founding, and, commemorative of that year, a work, in four beautiful quarto volumes, has been issued in this city by Messrs. Ticknor and Company. The object of this work, and the importance attached to it is what leads us to speak of it in this place and at this time. This object is primarily to present the leading historical phases of the town's and city's

life and developement, together with the traces of previous occupation, and the natural history of the locality. To accomplish this almost herculean task, the sections were assigned to writers well-known in their respective

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spheres,—many of them of national reputation,—who from study and associations were in a measure identified with their subjects. The entire work was critically edited by Mr. Justin Winsor, Librarian of Harvard University, with the co-operation of a committee appointed at a meeting of the gentlemen interested, consisting of the Rev. Edward Everett Hale, D.D., Samuel A. Green, M.D. and Charles Deane, LL.D. Now, it is not our purpose to enter into any description of this carefully planned, skilfully written, beautifully illustrated, printed and bound specimen of the art of book-making; but rather, again to call attention to its great merits and claims upon the interested public. The work deals almost exclusively with facts, and impartially also, and these facts are alike valuable to the man of letters, the man of science, the historian, the student, and the vast public whose patriotism invites them to seek the story of their city. A better conceived work has never been published on this continent; but it is unnecessary to commend what easily commends itself to the eye, the mind, and the purse of well-to-do people.

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There is need of a more careful study of politics on the part of the people of this country. The recent elections in this State and in other States again recalls this need, and have again shown that altogether too many men cast their ballots, not in accordance with their intelligence or with their convictions, but as they are told to cast them. The first duty of an American citizen should be a thorough acquaintance with American political institutions, their origin, their growth and progress, their utility or their worthlessness. The right of suffrage is one of the inalienable rights of the people. It is one of their most sacred rights also, and ought not to be exercised except under most careful, candid and conscientious conditions.

One cannot suppose, even for a moment, that our people are not aware of the accuracy of these assertions. We are not advocates of property ownership as a qualification of voting, nor would we seek to lay down any arbitrary *sine qua non*, to be rigidly adhered to in our system of voting. But, is it enough that a man should know how to read and write before he can cast a ballot? Do these qualifications comprise everything that is necessary to a proper and safe exercise of the right of suffrage? If so, then politics can never be formulated as a science, and politicians can never be regarded other than what many of them seem to be,—tricksters trading on the incredulity and ignorance of the masses. It is only when people understand *how* and *why* they vote, that they can vote intelligently.

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It may not be generally known that we have in this state, with allied organizations in other states, a Society for "Political Education," carrying on its work by furnishing and circulating at a low price sound economic and political literature. Its aim is to publish at least four pamphlets a year on subjects of vital importance. During the present year, the "Standard Silver Dollar and the Coinage Law of 1878" has been treated by Mr. Worthington C. Ford, secretary of the society; "Civil Service Reform in Cities and States," by Edward M. Shepard; "What makes the Rate of Wages," by Edward Atkinson, and others have also been published,—in all sixteen pamphlets since the foundation of the Society.

The first Secretary of the Society was Richard L. Dugdale, the author of the remarkable social study called "The Jukes." The twelfth number of the Economic Tracts of the Society gives a sketch of his life, and from it the following quotation is pertinent:—

"The education of the people in true politics, it seemed to Mr. Dugdale and his associates, would not only greatly aid popular judgment on political questions, but would be a necessary preliminary to the election of public representatives and officers upon real issues. If elections were so held, successful candidates would come generally to be men competent to consider and expert in dealing with questions of state and administration. And if legislators and executives were so competent and expert, and were not merely men accomplished in intrigue or active in party contests, we should have from them conscientious and intelligent social reforms. Legislative committees, governors, mayors, commissioners of charities and corrections, superintendents of prisons, reformatories, almshouses, and hospitals, would then patiently listen and intelligently act upon discussions and of the condition of the extremely poor and the vicious, and especially of children and young men and women not yet hopelessly hardened."

Few persons will deny that such a work as this needs everywhere to be done so that the charities of the country shall no longer be administered in the interests of a party.

The Society has been in active operation about four years, and its success has thus far been most gratifying. It has already induced hundreds of people to make a careful study of American history and politics, and its influence is now felt throughout the length and breadth of this land. The very fact of such an effort is one of the encouraging signs of the times, and should be encouraged by all who aim for the welfare of the Republic.

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But there is still another open field for work in this direction, and this perhaps lies more in the power of the people themselves. We allude to the necessity of public lectures, in every community, on the great themes pertaining to American politics and history. It must be evident to every observer that our so-called "Lyceum Courses" are to-day sadly deficient in efforts to educate the people. There is a perfect craze at the present time for concerts, readings, and a similar order of entertainments,—all of which are doubtless good enough of their kind and are capable of exerting a certain moral influence that cannot be questioned. But is it plausible that such pabulum meets all the needs of those people who frequent these entertainments? If it does, the fault lies with the people and not with those who are capable of amusing them.

We would suggest to the public-spirited ladies and gentlemen living in our towns and cities to try the following experiment;—Plan a *lecture* course, to be filled by public speakers residing in your own communities. Establish a course of say four, six, eight, or a dozen evenings, and let only those questions be discussed which pertain to history, political economy, and politics. We venture the assertion that such a course, conducted thoroughly in an unpartisan spirit, would be well patronized, and would exert an influence for good. Never was there a better time to try the experiment than now.

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The death of GENERAL GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN at Newark, N.J., October 29, reminds us how narrow is becoming the circle of living generals who took part in the great Civil War. It is two decades only since the struggle ceased; but, one by one, the famous leaders have passed away, and now McClellan has gone—the first to follow his great commander, Grant.

It is not easy to comment upon the career of General McClellan without evoking, either from his admirers or his censors, the criticism of being unfair. To many, especially to the soldiers who fought under his leadership, he became an ideal of soldierly virtue, and has always held a warm place in their hearts; while to many others his military and civil career alike have seemed worthy only of disapprobation.

It was natural that General McClellan should have a large and devoted following, for he was a man gifted with those personal qualities that always win popularity to their possessor, so that among the soldiers of the Army of the Potomac, and among those in civil life with whom he came in contact, he was usually regarded with admiration. As a military commander, it must be conceded by his most determined critics, even, that he possessed certain qualities unsurpassed by those of any other general in the war. This was true of his ability as an organizer of volunteer troupes, in which capacity he probably rendered more effectual service than any other man in the Union army.

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He was also well versed in the science of war, and was a strategist of a higher order than has generally been conceded. As is often the case, he failed to receive just recognition of his really great abilities, because he lacked the needed complementary qualities. McClellan could admirably plan a campaign, and could perhaps have carried it to a brilliant issue, had all the circumstances conformed to his plan, but this not happening, he seemed unable to adapt his plan to the circumstances. Other generals with inferior plans would succeed by taking some sudden advantage at a critical time; McClellan on the contrary must either carry out his carefully arranged programme, or acknowledge himself foiled.

That General McClellan was not a firm patriot is an assertion not entitled to any weight whatever. He was devoted to the cause of the Union, and in his career as a general we believe he should be given the credit of performing his duty to the best of his ability. That he could not triumph over unexpected obstacles was doubtless a cause of regret to him more than to any one else.

General McClellan has been accused of an undue ambition for political preferment, and it must be admitted that he would have succeeded better in those positions to which he attained, had he been less solicitous for the future; but it is not yet proved that he ever enlisted unworthy or dishonorable means in the cause of his personal advancement.

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HISTORICAL RECORD.

September 30.—Republican State Convention held in Springfield. The following ticket was nominated: Governor, Geo. D. Robinson of Chicopee; Lieut. Governor, Oliver Ames of Easton; Secretary of State, Henry B. Pierce of Abington; Treasurer, A.W. Beard of Boston; Auditor, Chas. R. Ladd of Springfield; Attorney General, Edgar J. Sherman of Lawrence. With the exception of the office of treasurer, the ticket is the same as that of last year.

October 1.—The Converse Memorial library building was formerly presented to the city of Malden by its donor, Hon. Elisha S. Converse. Hon. John D. Long made the dedicatory address. The building cost \$100,000, and is one of the finest examples of architecture in the state.

October 7.—Democratic State Convention at Worcester. The following ticket was nominated: Governor, Frederick O. Prince of Boston; Lieutenant-Governor, H.H. Gilmore of Cambridge; Secretary of State, Jeremiah Crowley of Lowell; Attorney General, Henry K. Braley of Fall River; Treasurer, Henry M. Cross of Newburyport.

October 8.—Eight monuments were unveiled upon the battle-field of Gettysburg by Massachusetts veterans. The regiments which have erected these monuments and the principal speakers upon the occasion, were as follows:—

The Twelfth Infantry. The monument is on Seminary Ridge. Col. Cook of Gloucester presided, George Kimball of Boston delivered the principal address, and comrade Gilman read a poem.

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The Eleventh Infantry dedicated its monument on the Emmitsburg Road, Capt. W.T. Monroe presided, and James H. Croft of Boston made the address.

The Nineteenth Infantry monument on Cemetery Ridge was dedicated; J.W. Sawyer, presiding, Lieut. Geo. M. Barry and C.C. Coffin making addresses.

The Third Battery has erected a monument. Formal exercises were not held here at this time, but the dedication was made with remarks by comrade Patch.

The First Battery dedicated a monument in the National Cemetery. Remarks were made by G.H. Patch and H.I. Hall.

The Eighteenth Infantry. The monument stands near the wheat field, and was dedicated with an address by Col. Wm. B. White of Quincy.

The Second Sharpshooters. The monument is in the form of a statue and was dedicated. N.S. Sweet gave the address.

The First Cavalry dedicated a monument near the Round Tops, Major Chas. G. Davis, delivered the address.

October 13-16.—Seventy-fifth anniversary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions observed in Boston. The annual sermon was preached the 13th in Tremont Temple by Rev. Geo. Leon Walker D.D. of Hartford. A special discourse was delivered the 14th in the same hall by Rev. R.S. Storrs, D.D. of Brooklyn. The attendance was the largest in the history of the Board, taxing the fullest capacity of Tremont Temple, Music Hall, and various churches simultaneously. Over 10,000 people were present on one evening and many were turned away. The Rev. Mark Hopkins, D.D. was re-elected president of the Board.

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OBITUARY.

September 26.—HON. WALDO COLBURN, a Justice of the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts, died at his home in Dedham, at the age of 60 years.

Judge Colburn was born in Dedham, Nov. 13, 1824, and at 15 years of age he entered Phillips Academy at Andover, graduating therefrom in 1842 in the "English Department and Teachers' Seminary," which at that time was entirely distinct from the classical course. In the following year he entered the classical department, where he remained until the summer of 1845, when he left the academy and for the two years following engaged in various pursuits, chiefly, however, civil engineering and surveying. On May 13, 1847, he entered the law office of Ira Cleveland, Esq., at Dedham, and on May 3,

1850, was admitted to the Norfolk County Bar. In the meantime he had spent some time at the Harvard Law School, and soon took a leading position in Norfolk county, which he always maintained. On May 27, 1875, he was appointed one of the Judges of the Superior Court by Gov. Gaston, and on Nov. 10, 1882, Gov. Long selected him to fill a vacancy existing in the Supreme Court. Judge Colburn was a Democrat, and had filled several positions of trust and responsibility in his native town. In 1853 and 1854 he represented

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Dedham in the Massachusetts House of Representatives, and as Chairman of the committee on Railroads earnestly opposed the loaning of the State's credit to the Hoosac Tunnel scheme. In 1870 he was a member of the Senate from the Second Norfolk District, and as a member of the Judiciary Committee drafted the well-known corporation act. He was Chairman of the Board of Selectmen of Dedham from 1855 to 1864, and during the war his services were important and valuable. He was President of the Dedham Institution for Savings and a director of the Dedham National Bank.

Judge Colburn was naturally a man of robust constitution and excellent health, and, until his prostration shortly before his death, had never been obliged to neglect his official duties for a day on account of sickness.

October 6.—Hon. Thomas Talbot, Ex-Governor of Massachusetts, died at this home in Billerica at the age of sixty-seven years. He was born at Cambridge, N.Y. Sept. 7, 1818, and subsequently removed with the family to Danby, Vt. After the death of the father, the family removed to Northampton, Mass. and Thomas at the age of thirteen began work in a woolen factory. In the winters of 1837 and 1838 he attended an academy at Cummington. Soon after, he joined his father in North Billerica, and the long manufacturing career of C.P. Talbot & Co. was begun. The firm still continues in the manufacture of woolen flannels, employing between two and three hundred hands.

Mr. Talbot's first public service of note was as Representative from Billerica in the Legislature of 1852, and he was a member of the Constitutional Convention the following year. He was elected a member of the Executive Council in 1864, and served five years in that honorable capacity in association with Governors Andrew, Bullock and Claflin. In 1872 Mr. Talbot was elected by the Republicans as Lieutenant Governor upon the same ticket with Hon. William B. Washburn, who was elected as Governor. Re-elected with Governor Washburn in 1873, he became Acting Governor when, during the legislative session of 1874, Governor Washburn was elected as United States Senator to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Hon. Charles Sumner. One of the first important acts of his official life after this event was the approval of the "Ten-Hour bill."

In the same year Mr. Talbot received the Republican nomination for Governor but was defeated by Hon. William Gaston. In 1878 he again had the nomination, and was elected over Gen. Butler, Judge Abbott and A.A. Miner.

He was presidential elector in 1876 and 1884, and was chairman of the State Board of Health, Lunacy and Charity from its establishment in 1879 to 1884.

Mr. Talbot was strictly a temperance man and was a professed Prohibitionist.

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AMONG THE BOOKS.

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The preparation of elaborately illustrated editions of standard poems especially for the holiday trade has become a very prominent feature of the book publishing business. Every year seems to mark an increased beauty and variety in the work which the artist contributes to these holiday books, and many classic works of literature are read with clearer meaning and vastly greater delight, by reason of the intelligent interpretations often given in the illustrations of our best artists of the day.

Among the most tasteful as well as sumptuous art volumes of the last three years have been James R. Osgood & Co.'s "The Lady of the Lake," "The Princess," and "Marmion." For a similar book for this season, Messrs. Ticknor & Co., the successors of the old firm, have taken as a subject Lord Byron's *Childe Harold*.^[6] Of the poem nothing need be said here, for it is universally accepted as Byron's greatest and best; but of the illustrations, pages of praise could easily be written. The poem itself has been a fertile theme for the artists, for the scene is made to shift from one to another of the most beautiful and romantic localities of the Rhine, of Spain, Italy and Greece, and most of the illustrations are true representations of castles, ruins, palaces and natural scenery in these ancient countries.

All of the illustrations in the volume are from wood, in the production of which the most famous American artists and engravers have given their best work, all of it having been under the supervision of Mr A.V.S. Anthony.

* * * * *

Scarcely a year has elapsed since the appearance of the first volume of Mr. BLAINE'S *Twenty Years in Congress*, which details the history of our time from the outbreak of Secession to the death of President Lincoln. To maintain the interest attached to that work, a second and concluding volume ought to have been published ere this. Indeed, the public had a right to expect it. But, now, another bid for public consideration and favor has been put forth under the rather attractive title of *Three Decades of Federal Legislation*.^[7] The author is the Hon. S.S. Cox of New York, at one time a formidable opponent of Mr. BLAINE in the halls of Congress, and at the present time American minister to Turkey.

Mr. COX was a member of Congress for twenty-four years, his four terms from an Ohio district covering the war and the period immediately preceding it. As a politician, he was always ranked on the Democratic side, and was universally regarded as one of the closest, most competent and most conscientious observer of men and things. His acknowledged literary skill and his passion for accuracy rendered it almost certain that his history would be both fascinating and truthful. Contemporary history is at the present moment in high favor. All intelligent people realize that the records of the last fifty years are of more vital importance to living Americans than are the annals of all previous eras. Hence, when a man so thoroughly equipped with the gifts of mind and of expression as Mr. Cox has shown himself to be in earlier books from his pen,—we say

when such a man sets out to relate the story of his time, it follows without further argument that his work will not only be sought but will be read.

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The narrative covers the eventful work of Congress for the past thirty years, and gives a much fuller inside view of Federal legislation during this period than can be obtained from Mr. BLAINE'S more pretentious work. No period in our national history is so full of interest as the times of which our author writes. The revolt from English rule and the establishment of our national government was one of the grandest epochs in history. In that period were determined the issue of national independence; in this epoch of even greater magnitude, the issue of national existence. Both periods alike witnessed the most terrible conflicts of armies, of bloodshed and suffering in both periods was shown the exercise of the highest and most brilliant statesmanship; and in both periods the Federal Legislature was witness to events scarcely less exciting and decisive than occurred on hundreds of bloody battle-fields. The exciting period of Secession, the departure of Senators and Representatives from Congress, the proclamation of war, the call for troops, the great uprising of the people of all sections, North and South, against each other, the act of Emancipation, the sanguinary battles of, and the close of the war, the return of peace, the assassination of President Lincoln, the election of Grant, the Electoral Commission and the seating of Hayes, the resumption of specie payments and a host of other equally impressive episodes and events, find in Mr. Cox an impartial historian. Of the importance of such a work, there is no need of saying anything, and it is quite enough to remark that the book taken all in all, is perhaps the most important, because of its impartiality and accuracy, that has so far been published during the present year.

We have alluded to the fact that the author was a prominent actor in nearly all the legislation of this long period, and that he consequently possesses that personal and absolute knowledge which comes from actual participation. The following extract which is taken at random from page 117 of the volume discloses something of the author's happy faculty of seeing and describing things as they occurred to him. He says:—

“Being upon the Foreign Affairs Committee of the House of Representatives when the Trent affair occurred, the writer attended a dinner given by the Secretary at this then happy home. This was at a time when men held their breath in trepidation, lest Great Britain and the Powers of Europe might make the Trent matter the pretext to consummate their recognition of Southern independence. Some feared that a disparted Republic would have to give way before the jealous encroachments of those who sought to divide our country as they endeavored to imperialize Mexico.

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"The delightful interchanges of thought between the persons at that dinner are not so important as the fact that transpired toward its close. After the ceremonies of introduction, and the tenders of politeness to Mrs. Frederick W. Seward and Miss Olive Risley—the adopted daughter of the house—the guests who had been received by these ladies moved to the hospitable dining-hall. On the right of Mr. Seward was seated burly English heartiness incarnated in Mr. Anthony Trollope, the novelist. His presence was almost a surprise, if not a satire on the occasion, as it concluded. At the other end of the table sat John J. Crittenden. He was then chairman of Foreign Affairs in the House. The author was on his right, as he was nearer by sympathy to him than others on the committee. He used to say to the writer: 'My young friend, when I was of your age, I did all the work and the older members received the merit marks. You may do the work, sir, and I will take the credit.' With his grave humor and hearty confidence, he was wont to parcel out to the writer no inconsiderable quantity of the work of this most arduous of committees. Thus it happened that a bill for the relief of the owners of the Perthshire, seized by us, came to the hand of the writer for a report. The chairman was not a little astonished when he found that his subordinate, on the 17th of December, 1861, was dilating on the Trent case, and quoting Robinson's Reports to justify the detention of the contraband plenipotentiaries, upon British precedents and conduct."

From the foregoing selection, it will readily be seen that the author's style is strong, clear, rapid, and stimulating, his judgment sound and unprejudiced, and his materials authentic. His condition, experiences, and industry combine to throw new light on the events of the most remarkable epoch in natural history, and the volume, independent of Mr. Cox's reputation, is bound to be a success. It is at once the most picturesque and harmonious political history of our times that has thus far been written, and will, also, be generally looked upon as a solid and substantial contribution to American literature. We feel that we cannot commend it too highly.

* * * * *

In the Century magazine, last spring, Gen. George B. McClellan undertook to present his explanation of the failure of the Army of the Potomac while under his command. In his article, he assaulted the memories of Lincoln and Stanton, and attempted much more than he accomplished,—at least, so thinks the HON. WILLIAM D. KELLEY, who examines McClellan's statements in a book recently published. It bears the simple title, *Lincoln and Stanton*.^[8] Of this volume, which for the first time makes many fresh disclosures, we hope to have something to say at another time.

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Senator SUMNER was once asked by Lord Brougham the origin and meaning of “caucus,” and he replied: “It is difficult to assign any elementary to the word, but the most approved one referred its origin to the very town, and about the time (1772), of his lordship’s birth.” There is a tradition in Boston that “caucus” was a common word here before the Revolutionary war broke out, and that it originated in a feud between the British troops on the one side and the rope-walkers and calkers on the other. Bloody collisions, it is said, occurred between them. The latter held meetings in the *calkers’ hall* in the lower part of the city, at which resolutions were adopted and speeches made denouncing the soldiers, who, on their part deriding the wordy war offered, sneeringly snubbed their opponents “The Calkers,” which by an easy corruption became “the caucus,” and finally a term to denote the meetings.

Whether this be the origin or not of the word, one thing is certain—Mr. George W. LAWTON has done a most commendable thing in the publication of his little book on *The American Caucus System*.^[9] It is exceedingly useful, and the wonder is for us why some such work has not earlier issued from the press, for it meets the requirements of the multitudinous politicians and others who are never absent on “caucus nights.” The author begins at the beginning of his theme, and shows how easily men, that is, mankind in general, choose to be controlled by political power, and to bear its burdens; he then establishes the axiom that the direction of political power is with the caucus, and goes on still further to explain what gives the caucus its authority, to compare caucus nominations with self-nominations, and then historically to trace the growth of the caucus, and, lastly, to describe the proceedings of, and how to conduct, a caucus meeting. From first to last, these pages are suggestive, timely, and embody a great deal of good sound sense.

* * * * *

The late Mr. Walter Bagehot left behind him some materials for a book which promised to make a landmark in the history of economics, by separating the use of the older, or Ricardian, economic reasonings from their abuse, and freeing them from the discredit into which they had fallen through being often misapplied. Unfortunately he did not complete more than the examination of two of their postulates, namely, the transferability of capital and labor. These were originally published in the *Fortnightly Review*, in 1876, and are now republished, with some other materials for the author’s proposed work, under the title of *The Postulates of English Political Economy*.^[10] These essays, which emanated from a well-trained, scientific mind, an independent thinker, and one who was perfectly free in his criticisms, deal almost exclusively with one side of what the author wished and intended to say; but as they stand, they prove that had he lived he would have shed much light on the problem, how the rapid changes of modern city life may help us to understand, by analogy and indirect inference, the slow changes of a backward people.

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The pathos and humor which have immortalized many of WILL CARLETON'S earlier poems enter again into his *City Ballads*.^[11] If ever a poet comprehended the human heart and the mainspring of its responses, it is he who gave us that wonderfully-common-place (by reason only of its theme) but delightful versification, "Betsey and I are out." His new collection embraces several pieces almost as striking in their character; and their wholesomeness and truthfulness of sentiment will win for them many readers. None of these poems are fanciful pictures of life which does not exist; but they are, on the contrary, faithful to the actualities of the living present. They portray metropolitan life as in a mirror, and depict the mishaps of the inexperienced therein in a way that is at once healthful and conducive to practical morality. Every poem is a story, which carries within itself a lesson not easily forgotten, and as a poem is almost invariably characterized by a pleasant rhythm and animation. The illustrations—and they are numerous—are excellent; indeed, one would not wish them to be better. These poems and pictures will find entrance into many homes ere the holiday season is ended.

* * * * *

One of the most astonishing successes, in a literary line, of recent years is Col. Higginson's "Young Folks' History of the United States." Published originally as a book for general readers, its superlative merits commended themselves to teachers, then led to the introduction of the work, as a text-book of history, into very many schools. No other work of the kind, we believe, has met with such signal favor or so richly deserves it. So far as it goes, it is by all odds the *ne plus ultra* for school use.

The same author has recently published what he terms *A Larger History of the United States*,^[12] which, however, ends only with the close of President Jackson's administration. So far we fail to discover any *raison d'être* of the volume, unless its purpose is distinctly to bring together in a re-arranged form the series of illustrated papers on American history contributed by Mr. Higginson to Harper's Magazine during the past two years. If such is the author's purpose, then we have no fault to find with the work. But the term "*Larger History*" is, in this case, a misnomer. The book does *not* contain as much matter as the earlier work to which we have alluded, and it is not, so far as we can make out, written for older readers. It does not strike one as being a history at all,—that is, a straightforward, logical, and continuous narrative coinciding with those exemplar types of historical writing bequeathed to us by Macaulay or by Motley. The book ends, as we have said, with the close of Jackson's administration; but we glean very little concerning the *administration* and we are told much relative to "Old Hickory."

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Now, then, this may seem like finding fault with Mr. Higginson's book. If so, we have plainly asserted our reasons. But with his subject matter, and with his manner of treating it, everybody must be pleased. We have never read more charming essays on the First Americans, the Visit of the Vikings, the Spanish Discoverers, the French Voyageurs, the Dawning of Independence, and the Great Western March, than appear between the covers of this beautiful volume. They are full of meat, and have the savor of fresh and studious investigation, and we feel grateful to their author for having provided so tempting a feast. What he says and the way he says it make us the more to regret the unfortunate title of his book.

The illustrations, which are numerous, are veritable works of art, and we do not believe that any other American book can exhibit a finer or more valuable series of portraits of American statesmen. This feature alone should commend it to lovers of fine books, of which the present issue is decidedly one. We are not informed whether a second volume is forthcoming.

[Footnote 6: *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage. A Romance.* By Lord Byron. Boston: Ticknor & Co. Price, in cloth, \$6.00.]

[Footnote 7: *Three Decades of Federal Legislation, from 1855 to 1885.* By the Hon. S.S. Cox, 1 vol. 8vo, pp. 726. Illustrated. Providence, R.I.; J.A. & R.A. Reid, 1885. Price, \$5.00, (sold only by subscription.)]

[Footnote 8: *LINCOLN AND STANTON.* A study of the war administration of 1861 and 1862, with special consideration of some recent statements of Gen. George B. McClellan, By Wm. D. Kelley. 8vo, pp. 88. New York: G.P. Putnam's Sons. 1885. Price, \$1.00.]

[Footnote 9: *The American Caucus System; its origin, purpose, and utility.* By George W. Lawton. 1 vol. pp. 107. New York: G.P. Putnam's Sons, 1885. Price, \$1.00.]

[Footnote 10: *The Postulates of English Political Economy.* By the late Walter Bagehot, with a preface by Alfred Marshall. 1 vol. pp. 114. New York: G.P. Putnam's Sons. 1885. Price \$1.00.]

[Footnote 11: *CITY BALLADS.* By Will Carleton, author of "Farm Ballads," "Farm Legends," etc. Illustrated. Square 8vo, pp. 180. New York: Harper & Brothers. Price \$2.00.]

[Footnote 12: *A Larger History of the United States of America to the close of President Jackson's administration.* By Thomas Wentworth Higginson. Illustrated by Maps, Plans, Portraits, and other Engravings. 1 vol. 8vo, pp. 470. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1886. Price, \$3.00.]

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NOTES AND QUERIES.

At the request of many of our readers, this new Department is initiated. Please address all queries and answers simply,—EDITOR OF THE BAY STATE MONTHLY, 43 Milk St., Boston.

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1.—In one of the old Readers, I find a selection, not credited to any author, and beginning as follows:—"Born, sir, in a land of liberty; having early learned its value; having engaged in a perilous conflict to defend it; having, in a word, devoted the best years of my life to secure its permanent establishment in my country, my anxious recollections, my sympathetic feelings, and my best wishes are irresistibly excited, whensoever in any country, I see an oppressed nation unfurl the banners of freedom." Will some one of your readers inform me who was the author of these words, and what was the occasion for their utterance?—W.T.D.

2.—Sullivan, in his *Familiar Letters*, states (p. 26) that: "General Washington is well known to have expressed his heartfelt satisfaction that the important State of Massachusetts had acceded to the Union. There is much *secret history* as to the efforts made to procure the rejection (of the constitution) on the one side, and the adoption on the other." Where can I find the fullest account of this "secret history?"—STUDENT.

3.—Who was the first American woman to publicly espouse the cause of Anti-Slavery? I have lately seen several names mentioned?—M.S.

4.—"Where can I find the best account of the Know-Nothings, that figured in American politics some years ago?"

5.—The late Epes Sargent, in one of his sketches, says:—

"Semmes took a pinch of snuff, and replied,—'You remember *Mrs. Glasse's* well-known receipt for cooking a hare—First catch your hare!'"—*Who was Mrs Glasse?*—LATIN SCHOOL.

6.—Where can I find a full account of the history of the Indian tribes of early Massachusetts? The various State Histories say but little about them.—ANTIQUARY.

7.—Has the life of Robert Rantoul Jr. ever been written? If so, by whom?—H.A.D.

8.—Most of our States have one capital; some have two—Providence and Newport, in Rhode Island for instance. Why two?

9.—In Chandler Robbins' "History of the Second Church," under date of Oct. 7. 1762, occurs the following: "Voted that the singers sound the base at the end of the lines whenever they think proper." What is the explanation of this custom?

10.—Bartlett does not give this: "To fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world." Where is it to be found?—ELHEGOS.

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“Undoubtedly the most remarkable series of articles ever published in a magazine, and their popularity is in, accord with their merit.”—BROOKLYN EAGLE.

Of the numbers of THE CENTURY from November, 1884 to April 1885, six issues, more than a million and a quarter copies have already been published.

THE WAR PAPERS IN THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

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[Illustration]

With the number for November, 1884, the first issue of a new volume, there began to appear in this magazine a series of separate papers, the object of which is to tell in clear and graphic manner the stories of the great battles of the War for the Union; the authors being leading officers on both the Federal and Confederate sides, often the first in command, and always a participant in the engagement under consideration. The extraordinary increase in the circulation of the magazine since these papers were begun, and the reception by the public and the press of the material already printed, indicate the wide-spread popular interest in the plan.

THE NOVEMBER CENTURY contains the paper by General G.T. Beauregard, of the Confederate army, describing "The Battle of Bull Run," with more than twenty illustrations, including portraits of McDowell, Johnston, "Stonewall" Jackson, and others. General Beauregard not only describes the battle, but touches upon his relations with Mr. Jefferson Davis, and the general conduct of the war.

THE DECEMBER CENTURY contains the graphic description of "The Capture of Fort Donelson," by General Lew Wallace, with portraits of Buckner, Floyd, Pillow, and others among the illustrations, and a frontispiece portrait of General Grant, from a little-known photograph; also an autographic reproduction of General Grant's famous "Unconditional Surrender" letter, written to the Confederate commander at Fort Donelson.

THE JANUARY CENTURY contains an illustrated article by Rear-Admiral Walke, describing the "Operations of the Western Flotilla," including engagements at Belmont, Fort Henry, Fort Pillow, Fort Donelson, Memphis, and Island No. 10. Captain James B. Eads (who built the gun-boats) contributes to the same number a paper on "Recollections of Foote and the Gun-boats."

New readers of THE CENTURY desiring to secure these three numbers, November, December, and January, and thus begin the War Series and Mr. Howells's new novel, "The Rise of Silas Lapham," can obtain them for \$1.00 of the publishers (who will send them to any address, post-paid, on receipt of price), or of dealers everywhere. New editions will be printed as rapidly as the demand requires. November is now in its sixth edition.

THE FEBRUARY CENTURY, the Midwinter number, contains a remarkable list of attractions, including a richly illustrated paper on "Winter Sports in Canada," an illustrated story by Mark Twain, entitled "Royalty on the Mississippi," etc., etc. In this issue appears THE FIRST OF GENERAL GRANT'S ARTICLES in the war series, being his long-looked-for paper on "The Battle of Shiloh." For reasons which he recounts in the opening of the article, general Grant never made to the Government the usual full report touching this engagement. The paper is a comprehensive treatment of his relations to the battle, including much of picturesque and personal interest concerning

its progress and a discussion of the main points of controversy, together with his own estimates of the military character and services of certain of the leading officers in both the Union and Confederate sides.

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THE CONFEDERATE SIDE AT "SHILOH" will be described in this February number in two interesting articles, one by the son of the Confederate leader, General Albert Sidney Johnston, killed at Shiloh, and the other by Colonel Jordan, of general Beauregard's staff. These, with General Grant's article, are among the most notable contributions ever made to magazine literature. The illustrations are more than twenty-five in number.

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FURTHER PAPERS BY GENERAL GRANT.

In his second paper General Grant will cover an entire year of his service in the war, including the different campaigns against Vicksburg, and its capitulation. In his third paper he will deal with the battle of Chattanooga, including the strategy of the campaign from the time of his assumption of the command. A fourth paper, on the Wilderness campaign, will follow.

While largely engaged with the main features of the campaigns described, General Grant has not failed to take note of significant and characteristic details. These papers will be illustrated with the same regard for thoroughness and accuracy which has characterized the illustrations of the articles in the war series already published.

THE "MONITOR" AND "MERRIMAC," IN THE MARCH CENTURY.

[Illustration]

The story of this famous fight is described in the March CENTURY by Col. John Taylor Wood, fourth officer of the "Merrimac" in the second day's fight, and now the senior surviving officer. Col. Wood was afterward commander of the privateer "Tallahassee." The Federal side of the battle is told by Commander S.D. Greene, U.S.N. (whose death has just occurred), who was the executive officer of the "Monitor," and operated the guns within the turret. General R.E. Colston, commander of the Confederate forces opposite Newport News, contributes an eyewitness's account of the same battle, describing, also, the "Merrimac's" engagement with the Federal fleet before the arrival of the "Monitor." A paper will soon appear on "THE MONITOR," BY CAPTAIN JOHN ERICSSON, making record of the circumstances attending the invention of that famous craft, and treating also of the engagement at Hampton Roads. Readers of the articles in the March number will be especially interested in the inventor's story.

In the April CENTURY will be printed two important papers on THE CAPTURE OF NEW ORLEANS, BY ADMIRAL PORTER AND GEORGE W. CABLE.

Admiral Porter, with whom, as he relates, the expedition against New Orleans originated, and who was in command of the mortar-fleet during the action, describes the Federal side of "The Opening of the Lower Mississippi"; while George W. Cable, the novelist, and at the time a resident of New Orleans, writes of the condition of the city and the circumstances attending its occupation. The illustrations will include a number of battle-scenes from sketches made by Admiral Porter.

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In the May and June numbers the papers in the War Series will be largely devoted to THE PENINSULAR CAMPAIGN BY GEN. G.B. McCLELLAN AND GEN. J.E. JOHNSTON.

General McClellan will contribute two papers, the first of a general nature on the Peninsular Campaign, and the second (to appear later) on the battle of Antietam, thus covering the period of his command of the Army of the Potomac. General Joseph E. Johnston, who commanded the entire Confederate forces opposed to McClellan in the Peninsular engagements until the battle of Seven Pines, when in consequence of a wound he was succeeded by General Lee, will cover, in his papers, the period from Manassas to Seven Pines, dealing with both battles, and with his relations and differences with the President of the Confederacy. The engagements at Gaines's Mill and Malvern Hill, in this campaign, will be described in papers by GEN. FITZ JOHN PORTER AND GEN. D.H. HILL, who were prominently engaged against each other in both actions. These will be well supplemented by the "Recollections of a Private."

OTHER WAR PAPERS by Generals Longstreet, Pope, Gordon, Rosecrans, Buell, Hunt, Pleasonton, Newton, and other prominent leaders, will appear in later numbers.

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THE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE SERIES will receive the most careful attention, and in this particular it is thought that the series will possess an unequaled historical interest. THE CENTURY has at its disposal a very large quantity of maps and plans, portraits of general officers of both sides, authentic paintings and drawings, and especially photographs of camp scenes, battle-fields, famous localities, *etc.* A strict regard for accuracy will guide the preparation of the illustrations.

In connection with this series is appearing a number of briefer sketches, entitled "RECOLLECTIONS OF A PRIVATE," reflecting with interesting and life-like details the experiences of the common soldier from the time of enlistment to the muster-out: the drill, the march, the bivouac, the skirmish, the charge, the pursuit, the retreat, *etc.*, *etc.* Auxiliary branches of the service will also be treated in this supplementary way, and in several instances briefer supplementary papers will chronicle special incidents or consider special phases of an engagement. Personal reminiscences of several of the most prominent military leaders, now dead, will also give variety to the scheme.

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OTHER FEATURES OF "THE CENTURY" include W.D. Howells's new novel of an American business man, "The Rise of Silas Lapham"; a novel, by Henry James, "The Bostonians," begun in the February number; a series of papers, by W.D. Howells, descriptive of some cities of Italy, illustrated with reproductions of etchings, by Joseph

Pennell; a series of brilliantly illustrated articles on “The New Astronomy” (a paper in this series appears in the March number); articles on “The New North-west,” on Architecture, History, French and American Art, *etc.*, *etc.*, and short stories by the best writers—many of them to be illustrated. The War Series will not be allowed to interfere in any way with the general features of the magazine.

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Subscriptions may begin at any time, but in order to get the first chapters of Mr. W.D. Howells's novel, "The Rise of Silas Lapham," and to commence the War Series, new subscribers should date from the November number. The subscription price of THE CENTURY is \$4.00 a year, and single numbers can be purchased of book-sellers and news-dealers everywhere at 35 cents each. All dealers receive subscriptions, or remittance may be made direct to the publishers by postal or express order, registered letter, bank check, or draft.

THE CENTURY CO. 33 East 17th Street, New-York.

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[Illustration: FROM "RECOLLECTIONS OF A PRIVATE."]

THE CENTURY *is beyond question the first among magazines in the English language. The people of the South owe it especial thanks not only for the fairness of its spirit toward this section, but because it opened its pages to many of our best writers and made them known to the world.*—THE APPEAL, MEMPHIS, TENN.

The time has now come when this portion of our national history can be discussed by the actors in it, whether they wore the blue or the gray, and different versions can be judged without partiality.—ARGUS, ALBANY, N.Y.

The great captains on both sides will make this series the most notable historic contribution of the day.—CONSTITUTION, ATLANTA, GA.

Every soldier should be a subscriber to THE CENTURY for the coming year.—COURIER-GAZETTE, ROCKLAND, MAINE.

In securing these articles from the leading generals of the great struggle, THE CENTURY did the best piece of journalistic work that has been done in this country for many a year.—THE CHRISTIAN UNION, N.Y.

The wounds and passions of the late war are rapidly healing, but it will never lose its interest to the students of history. These articles cannot fail to be of great interest to all careful readers both North and South.—PRESS, PARAGOULD, ARK.

A series of important papers, the like of which has never before been attempted, and which possess the peculiar quality of interesting every person in the land.—THE BEACON, BOSTON, MASS.

What a vast work for good in these several ways is the great magazine-publishing house of THE CENTURY Co. doing; what an uplift is it giving to good taste, good

morals, good politics, and good manners, as well as to the dissemination of useful knowledge, to the culture of "the masses," to the comfort and peace and pleasure of home, to the welfare of society in general! No engine of the things that are true and pure and good is more mighty than a work like this; we ought all to be thankful that it is in such hands. Making money, of course, THE CENTURY Co. are; we are glad of it; but they are also making hearts happier, lives better, and homes brighter the world over.—
THE LITERARY WORLD, BOSTON, MASS.

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The Century Co. are among the benefactors of the human race. It is not too much to say that while "The Century" stands at the head of current magazine literature, in "St. Nicholas" we have the best serial publication for boys and girls the present generation has seen.—THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN, ENGLAND.

"Driven Back to Eden,"

[Illustration]

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NOW APPEARING IN ST. NICHOLAS.

Showing how a city family, inhabitants of a "flat," were led to move into the freedom of a country home, and how the girls and boys all became farmers on a small scale. This promises to be one of Mr. Roe's best stories. It is only one of the many interesting current features of ST. NICHOLAS, which include:

"Recollections of a Boy-Page in the U.S. Senate,"

"Historic Girls," serial papers by E.S. Brooks,

"Children of the Cold," a series by Lieut. Fred'k Schwatka,

"Ready for Business; Suggestions to Boys about to Choose an Occupation,"

"Personally Conducted," by Frank R. Stockton,

Short Stories by Louisa M. Alcott and others. *Etc., Etc.*

Numbers issued on the 25th; for sale by all dealers; price 25 cents. Subscription price, \$3.00 a year. Subscriptions are taken by dealers and postmasters, or remittance may be made direct to the publishers, THE CENTURY CO. 33 East 17th Street, New-York.

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A Michigan mother (and competent critic) writes to the Editor of "St. Nicholas": "I am convinced that no child who is without 'St. Nicholas' can successfully compete in the race of life with those who have had the benefit of its wonderful pages." And a

prominent clergyman of Chicago informs us that one of his parishioners recently said to him: "St. Nicholas' has saved my boy from ruin."

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[Illustration]

COLUMBIA BICYCLES and TRICYCLES:
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ALASKA: Its Southern Coast. And the Sitkan Archipelago. By Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price \$1.50. In this well-written and exceedingly interesting volume the author opens up to us a country which notwithstanding so much has been said of it, is yet very imperfectly known. Although it is nine times as large as New England, and twice as large as Texas, it is the popular impression that it is all a barren, inhospitable region, wrapped in snow and ice the greater part of the year, and that a visitor to its settlements must undergo perils almost equal to those of the Greely relief expedition. Miss Scidmore in her book dispels this illusion in the most summary manner. She spent two summers in Alaska, and therefore speaks from personal knowledge. She tells us that the winters at Sitka are milder than those in New York, while the summers are delightfully cool and temperate. Some of the grandest scenery of the continent is to be found along the Alaska coast, in the region of the Alexander or Sitkan Archipelago, and the monthly mail steamer is crowded with tourists during the

summer season. It is one of the easiest and most delightful trips to go up the coast by the inside passage and cruise through the archipelago; and in voyaging past the unbroken wilderness of the island shores, the tourist feels quite like an explorer penetrating unknown lands. The mountain range that walls the Pacific coast from the Antarctic to the Arctic gives a bold and broken front to the mainland, and every one of the eleven hundred islands of the archipelago is but a submerged spur or peak of the great range. Many of the islands are larger than Massachusetts or New Jersey, but none of them have been wholly explored, nor is the survey of their shores completed. The Yosemite walls and cascades are repeated in mile after mile of deep salt water channels, and from the deck of an ocean steamer one views scenes not paralleled after long rides and climbs in the heart of the Sierras. The gorges and canons of Colorado are surpassed; mountains that tower above Pike's Peak rise in steep incline from the still level of the sea; and the shores are clad in forests and undergrowth dense and impassable as the tangle of a Florida swamp.

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On her first visit to Sitka the author spent a week at Victoria, Vancouver's Island, a place which she describes as a veritable paradise. The drives about the town, she says, along the island shores, and through the woods, are beautiful, and the heavy, London-built carriages roll over hard and perfect English highways. Ferns were growing ten and twelve feet high by the roadside. Wild rose-bushes are matted together by the acre in the clearings about the town, and in June they weight the air with their perfume, as they did a century ago, when Marchand, the old French voyager, compared the region to the rose-covered slopes of Bulgaria. The honeysuckle attains the greatest perfection in this climate, and covers and smothers the cottages and trellises with thickly-set blossoms. Even the currant-bushes grow to unusual height, and in many gardens they are trained on arbors and hang their red, ripe clusters high overhead.

The old Russian town of Sitka, the most northern on the Pacific coast, she describes as a straggling, peaceful sort of town, edging along shore at the foot of high mountains, and sheltered from the surge and turmoil of the ocean by a sea-wall of rocky, pine-covered islands. The moss has grown greener and thicker on the roofs of the solid old wooden houses that are relics of Russian days, the paint has worn thinner everywhere, and a few more houses tumbling into ruins complete the scenes of picturesque decay. Twenty years ago there were one hundred and twenty-five buildings in the town proper, and it is doubtful if a dozen have been erected since.

Miss Scidmore's descriptions of the various places she visited and the curious things she saw are vivid and picturesque, and one can learn more of both from her pages than from all the official reports that have been published. It is a book that ought to have a wide popularity. It is well illustrated and contains a map reduced from the last general chart of Alaska published by the Coast Survey.

BOY LIFE IN THE UNITED STATES NAVY. By a Naval Officer. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price \$1.25. It is difficult to write a book of boy's adventures without falling into what is popularly called sensational writing, that is the description of improbable incidents to arouse and excite the imagination without any purpose beyond that result. The writer of the present volume, while making an intensely interesting story, has avoided this danger, and his narrative gives a not overdrawn description of the life of a boy on a vessel in the United States Navy. Joe Bently is the son of a Maine farmer, with a strong distaste for the life to which he has been brought up and an equally strong love for the sea. His desire to become a sailor has always been repressed by his father, who, though loving his son, has no sympathy with him in this one respect.

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Mr. Bently at last gives his consent, and Joe enlists as an apprentice in the Navy. The story of his journey, his examination, his experiences, on board ship and his adventures while lying in foreign ports is very graphically told, and the boy who reads it gets a clear and actual idea of what a boy must go through on board a man-of-war before he can graduate as an “able-bodied seaman.” The writer shows a thorough acquaintance with every thing on board ship, even to the minutest details. The book ends with the promotion of Joe, and a promise to continue his adventures in another volume.

THE EVOLUTION OF DODD. By W.H. Smith. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price \$1.00. Here is a book we should rejoice to see in the hands of every teacher of youth in the country. It is a living, breathing protest against certain features of the present school systems which obtain in various parts of the country, from that of the kindergarten to the grammar school. The points of the author are so well taken, that the reader is forced not only to admit the reality of the evils he denounces, but to acknowledge the justice of the conclusions at which he arrives.

In the evolution of character the public school has come to be a most important factor. To it has been assigned a task equal to any other agency that deals with human nature. But in multitudes of cases it has become a mere mill for grinding out graduates. The “system” has largely lost sight of the grandest thing in all the world—the individual soul. It addresses itself to child-humanity collectively, as if characters were manufactured, like pins, by the million, and all alike, and it attempts to grind out this great mass, each individual like every other, as if its members could be made interchangeable like the parts of a government musket.

To illustrate his ideas, the author selects a representative boy, Dodd Weaver, the eldest son of a Methodist clergyman, and carries him through the various schools and grades of schools from the time of his entrance to his graduation. He does not make him a model boy to begin with, and strive to show how he was spoiled by the school system. On the contrary he endows him with a good many disagreeable qualities; he makes him bright, sharp, and full of vitality, with a strong bent for mischief. He is high-tempered, quarrelsome, and disobedient, and yet in the hands of one who understands his mental peculiarities plastic as dough. It is the aim of the author to show how utterly useless it is to treat such boys—and our schools are full of them—in exactly the same manner as those of different character and temperament, and to demand that teachers have the right to adapt their methods according to individual demands. He says:

It is not a system—any set of rules or formularies—that can make our school, any more than it is forms and ceremonies that make our churches. These may all be well enough in their proper places, but there is nothing, absolutely nothing, in them, *per se*. It is the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees in the one case, and the dry bones of pedagogy in the other.

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The evil arises, in the schools as in the churches, from believing and acting as if there were something in the system itself.

If human nature were a fixed quantity, if any two children were alike, or anywhere nearly alike, if a certain act done for a child always brought forth the same result, then it might be possible to form an absolute system of pedagogy, as, with fixed elements, there is formed the science of chemistry. But the quick atoms of spirit that manifest their affinities under the eye of that alchemist, the teacher, are far more subtle than the elements that go into the crucible in any other of Nature's laboratories.

A chemist will distil for you the odor of a blown rose, or catch and hold captive the breath of the morning meadow, and do it always just the same, and ever with like results; but there is no art by which anything analogous can be wrought in human life. Here a new element comes in that entirely changes that economy of Nature in this regard. The individuality of every human soul is this new factor, and because of it, of its infinite variability—because no two atoms that are cast into the crucible of life are ever the same, or can be wrought into character by the same means—because of this, no fixed rules can ever be laid down for evolving a definite result, in the realm of soul, by never-varying means.

And this is where many teachers are at fault. They put their faith in a system, a mill through which all children shall be run, and in passing through which each child shall receive the same treatment, and from which they shall all emerge, stamped with the seal of the institution, "uniformity."

This is the prime idea that lies at the foundation of the popular system of education—to make children uniform. This very thing that God and Nature have set themselves against—no two faces, or forms, or statures; no two minds, or hearts, or souls being alike, as designed by the Creator, and as fashioned by Nature's hand—to make all these alike was the aim of the system under which Dodd began to be evolved, and with which he began to clash at once.

But it is not the system only which is at fault. Hot with the indignation bred from a discussion of its shortcomings, the author turns suddenly upon the parents of the innumerable Dodds in the schools of the country:

And for you, who send your six-year-olds to school with a single hook, and grumble because you have to buy even so much of an outfit, what are you going to do about it when your boy drains all the life out of the little volume in a couple of weeks or a month? He knows the stories by heart, and after that he says them over, day by day, because he must, and not in the least because he cares to.

What are you going to do about this? It is largely your business. You cannot shirk it and say that you send the boy to school, and it is the teacher's business to take care of him.

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The remedy for the wrongs and faults of the system is, in his opinion, to recognize the individuality of children in the schoolroom to study the mental peculiarities and needs of each, and to do away with the system so far as it interferes with the liberty of the teacher to adapt his means to the proper ends to be attained. It is demanded that teachers be selected on the sole ground of fitness and adaptability, and not because of favoritism or the mere fact that their book education is sufficient, and it is further insisted that parents interest themselves to see and demand that the best that can be done is done for their children. These are the means suggested in the way of reform, and they seem adequate in a large degree to accomplish what is desired. We commend the book to teachers and parents.

MONEY IN POLITICS. By J.K. Upton. With an introduction by Edward Atkinson. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price \$1.00. The author of this comprehensive and valuable work was for several years Assistant Secretary of the United States Treasury, and in that responsible position had admirable facilities for studying the question of money as affected by congressional acts from the earliest history of the republic down to the present, and he has made good use of his opportunities in this book which is a succinct narration of the numerous changes made in American money beginning with the continental issues, in fact, earlier, the colonial money. The work is, therefore, a history of American coin and the numerous issues of paper that served as money. To the student there is in this book a fund of information extremely interesting, particularly at this time when the popular will is likely to compel farther legislation. A topic of present interest, is the silver dollar, to which the author devotes a chapter historical in its character, and another chapter concerning circulation of this coin. In the former chapter he begins with the Spanish milled dollar, "the Mexican pillar piece," which was the first silver dollar known in American commerce, and had, in colonial times, 386.7-8 grains of pure silver. In 1785 the American standard was fixed at 375.64 grains of pure silver which became the unit of account, the standard dollar. In 1792, after a Congress of the States was organized, the standard dollar was required to contain 371.25 grains of pure silver, or, with the admixture of baser metal, the standard of silver coin 416 grains, the pure silver rated by itself as before. These facts are of interest as showing the origin of the American dollar recognized as the standard down to 1873.

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The chapters on "Circulation of the Silver Dollar" and "The Trade Dollar" are interesting and timely, inasmuch as the questions considered are now before Congress, or at least with the committees, and legislation of some kind will be demanded within the next year. There is, even now, a proposition embodied in a bill to suspend coinage of the silver dollar, because it has been found impossible to put the great sum coined directly in circulation. A great part of it has been made the basis of silver certificates, a kind of currency that, by and by, will bring distress to commercial interests if the issues are maintained, or if they are materially increased. Mr. Upton treats all these matters with very clear understanding of every question, and with certain facility of expression that appeals directly to the reader who has only common understanding of money affairs. From beginning to end the book is a rich mine of facts, of historical matter, and of statements that have undergone the scrutiny of the wisest financier during the critical period between the appreciation of values, with the disturbing influences of war, and the return of true values with resumption of specie payment which was effected with gold. While the work must have absorbing interest for that extended school of economists that has made finance a special study in the past dozen years, it will prove very useful to representatives in Congress, who may find here in compact form facts of history with which they should have familiar acquaintance before they attempt legislation intended to correct the errors incorporated in our money system.

THE OLD STONE HOUSE. By Anne March (Constance Fenimore Woolson). Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price \$1.50. This capital story, by one of the brightest American writers of fiction, has been placed by the publishers in their Young Folks' Library Series, where it ought to find a new lease of popularity. The Old Stone House is the home of five young people, representing three families. They are all orphans, and are living with a widowed aunt, whose single and constant aim is to educate them into real men and women. The young cousins, who dearly love each other, differ in tastes and temperament, but not in such ways as to interfere with each other's enjoyments. The younger ones are jolly and fun-loving, and no occasion for having a good time is left unimproved. The main interest of the story, however, lies with the eldest of the cousins, Sybil Warrington, a girl of strong feelings but quiet exterior, whose ambition to shine in society is held in check by a feeling that something higher and better is required of her. The story of her struggles is quietly but effectively told, and will have a peculiar interest for young girls. Miss Woolson has written much, and her work has given her a very enviable reputation both in this country and in Europe, but in all her writings there is nothing more earnest.

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HOW SUCCESS IS WON. By Mrs. Sarah K. Bolton. With Portraits. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price \$1.00. This handsome volume is made up of biographies of twelve men who have achieved distinguished successes in the various directions in which they turned their respective energies. Mrs. Bolton not only rehearses the main incidents of their lives, but shows that in every case the success and honors attained were the result of industry, economy and high moral principle. Among those selected to illustrate how success may be won under different circumstances are Peter Cooper, John B. Gough, John G. Whittier, Henry M. Stanley and Alexander H. Stephens. The several sketches are bright and pointed, and the portraits which illustrate them add to their value.

The Rochester (N.Y.) *Herald* speaks of this extremely interesting book as “a singular collection of names, wide apart in many respects, but they represent men whom it is interesting to read about.”

ANNA MARIA'S HOUSEKEEPING. By Mrs. S.D. Power. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price \$1.00. If we were asked to recommend any one single book to a young housekeeper which should serve as a domestic guide, counsellor and friend, we should unhesitatingly name *Anna Maria's Housekeeping*. So far as our knowledge extends, there is no other book which so exactly and thoroughly fulfils the needs implied in those titles. It is no mere collection of receipts, but a complete and common-sense treatise on the whole science of housekeeping, tersely and clearly written, with a flavor of experience about it that makes one accept it as authoritative. It is a staff upon which the young housekeeper may confidently lean, and by the aid of which she may overcome obstacles which without it would seem insurmountable. Mrs. Power does not believe in a house keeping itself. It requires continual care and oversight, and a clear knowledge of what is to be done. She believes, too, that a house can be well kept as easily as badly kept, and that a bright, clean, well-ordered home has a deal to do with molding the temper and even character of its members. “It is no small thing,” she says, “to stand at the head of affairs, and be the motive power on which depend the welfare and credit, the health, temper and spirit of the whole family. When in midlife you come to find how essential the comfort of a well-kept home is to the bodily strength and good conditions, to a sound mind and spirit, and useful days, you will reverence the good housekeeper as I do, above poet or artist, beauty or genius.” In the opening chapter of the book the author instructs Anna Maria in the art of “How to Make Home-work Easier.” In the succeeding chapters she takes up the various kinds of work there is to be done about the house, and describes the easiest methods of doing it. “No attitudinizing,” she remarks, “no fine lady affectations over the griddles and saucepans; instead, cultivate the fine character which acts up to the need of the hour

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swiftly, promptly, but with quiet and certainty." Her definition of "good food" is to the point. "It is not," she says, "rich food, nor even the tolerable fare which is just undercooked and flavorless enough to tax digestion more than it ought. It is the best of everything cooked in the nicest possible way, and with pleasant variety." Passing from the kitchen the care of the different rooms of the house is taken up—the chambers, the sitting-room and the storeroom; instructions are given for making "blue Monday" less blue; the arts of starching and ironing are discussed; and a chapter is given to the mending and darning basket. Other portions of the book are devoted to "Company Days," "Shopping," "Sickness in the House," "Making the best of Things," and "Helps that are Helps," the servant-girl question forming the subject of the closing chapter. The volume is very handsomely brought out, but even were it not, it would be worth its weight in gold to the young and inexperienced housekeeper.

GERTRUDE'S DIARY. By Pansy. Illustrated. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price 60 cts. A new book by Pansy is always hailed with delight, and that delight generally mingled with wonder can possibly write so much and yet keep the freshness and brightness which runs through all her books. Gertrude is a girl of fifteen, wide awake, full of life, generally good tempered, and yet with as many faults as most girls of her age have; faults which arise more from thoughtlessness than from intent. She is one of four who agree to keep diaries, in accordance with a suggestion made by their Sunday-school teacher, and she records with impartiality all her good and bad times, her trials and her triumphs. Aside from its interest, it contains suggestions which cannot fail to make an impression upon the mind of any young girl who reads it, and to strengthen her in like temptations and under the same conditions. A pleasant story runs through the diary.

MANY COLORED THREADS. From the Writings of Goethe. Selected by Carrie Adelaide Cooke. With an Introduction by Kev. Alexander McKenzie, D.D. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price \$1.00. No other volume of the Spare Minute Series contains more real meat than this. Goethe was epigrammatic, and his ideas took the concentrated form of bullets, instead of scattering like shot. We doubt if there is another author, always excepting Shakespeare, from whose books so many noble and complete thoughts can be extracted. In the two hundred and fifty pages of this volume are more than a thousand of these gems, each worth its setting. Dr. McKenzie says aptly of Goethe that he is able by virtue of his own genius to set more than the common man and to put his visions and his reflections in such form that others who would never have seen the tilings for themselves or been able to think deeply upon them, can have the benefit of his generous study and thought. He was many-sided. His mind took a wide range and seemed almost equally

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at home in many places. The real and the ideal both interested him and were cherished by him. Science and art, philosophy and poetry, engaged his attention and were enriched by his handiwork. In this versatility of his power and the manifoldness of their application he was remarkable. Out of this breadth of study came varied and large thoughts of the world and of human life. He had the faculties with which nature and humanity and divine power could breathe their inspiration for the world's instruction and delight, and that they were fully employed no-one who turns over the pages of this collection can doubt. A brief biography of Goethe takes the place of a preface, and there is an index of subjects.

* * * * *

MR. CHARLES LANMAN THE AUTHOR OF "THE LEADING MEN OF JAPAN."

MARY COLE BAKER writes in the Washington (D.C.) *Republic*: "Mr. Lanman is well known both in England and America as the writer of some of the most delightful descriptive books in the English language. To the facile wielding of his pen he adds an equally adroit and skilful use of the pencil, and his admirable results in these combined pursuits won for him from his friend and brother of the quill, Washington Irving, the apt and deserved soubriquet of 'the picturesque explorer of America.' To the pleasure which Mr. Lanman derived from these pursuits he added a sportsman's love for the field and took genuine delight in the 'contemplative art' of angling. He was the first American to cast the artificial fly in the Saguenay region and to describe for the angler the charms of that since famous locality. He has followed this sport in nearly every State in the Union, never without his sketching materials, which he used unstintingly. The results of these labors are many hundreds of sketches of American scenery, invaluable now that the march of civilization has so completely changed the face of a large part of the country. It is delightful to find a man who has been able to get so much good from life as has Mr. Lanman. One would think that the writing and illustrating of more than thirty books, some of which are in two large octavo volumes, was the work of a lifetime. But this has been to Mr. Lanman his recreation. The fact that his books have been successful pecuniarily has not prevented him from following the duties of the various governmental positions in which he has been placed. No sinecures they either—librarian at different times of the House of Representatives, the War Department, of copyrights in the State Department and of the Interior Department, secretary to Daniel Webster, at the head of the returns of office of the Interior Department, and for the last ten years the American Secretary to the Japanese Legation at Washington. A lover of social intercourse, Mr. Lanman has led the typical busy life of the American, untouched by the direful and disastrous ills it is supposed to bring. He is now engaged in editing

fourteen of his books for reproduction in uniform style, and a new book, *The Leading Men of Japan*, is ready for issue." 12mo, \$1.50. Boston: D. Lothrop, & Co., Publishers.

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COULDN'T BE BOUGHT: AND OTHER STORIES. By Faye Huntington. Illustrated. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price 75 cts. A delightful collection of short stories for boys and girls, adapted to the Sunday-school library. The volume takes its name from the leading story. The author has a pleasant and attractive style, and her stories have a large amount of "telling" force in them.

CHINA. By Prof. R.K. Douglas, of the British Museum. Edited by Arthur Gilman, M.A. Illustrated. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price \$1.50. This volume comes just at a time when there is a strong demand for something brief, exact and authoritative in the way of Chinese history. Current events have brought China before the world as one of the really great powers, and one which in time will be able not only to defend herself against the aggressions of other nations but will be perfectly able to take the offensive should occasion require. In the arts of diplomacy the Chinese are a match for the keenest statesman of Europe, and since the beginning of the present troubles with France they have developed a military talent which is perfectly surprising. With the growth of the military spirit it would not be strange if, in the course of the next generation China should hold as distinct and important a place among the warlike powers as France or England.

The author of the volume before us had exceptional advantages for making such a book as just now the public demand and need. He was for several years a resident of China in an official capacity, and studied the people and their mode of life from actual observation. In preparing the book he also freely availed himself of the labors of others where they seemed capable of adding value to the narrative. In his preface he acknowledges his indebtedness to Doctor Legge's "Chinese Classics," Archdeacon Gray's work on "China," Doolittle's "Social Life of the Chinese," Denys's "Chinese Folklore," Mayers's "Chinese Reader's Manual," Sir John Davis's "Poetry of the Chinese," as well as to the important linguistic, religious and topographical writings of Doctor Edkins of Peking, and particularly to the late Professor S. Wells Williams, of Yale College, whose work on the *Middle Kingdom* contains more information of value than any other single volume in our language.

The various chapters of the work deal with the history of the empire in brief, its government, religions, its educational system, the nurture of the young, superstitions, funeral and wedding rites, the language, food and dress, honors, architecture, music, medicine and other subjects. It has been critically read by the young Chinese scholar, Mr. Yan Phou Lee, of Yale College, who has suggested a few notes. Its completeness is added to by an analytic table of contents and an index.

IN THE WOODS AND OUT. By Pansy. Illustrated. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price \$1.00. In the score or more of short stories which make up this volume Pansy is at her best. She never writes for the mere sake of filling up, but always, in the briefest of her

sketches, she has something worth telling and worth remembering. There isn't a thing in the book which will not be read twice, and certain of the stories will be perennial favorites with the younger class of readers.

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PHILOSOPHIAE QUAESTOR.

The seeker of philosophical truth, which is described as the shadowy figure of a young girl, is, throughout, very expressive of desire and appreciation. The impressions she receives are those to which such a condition are most sensitive—the higher and more refined ones—and the responsive thoughts concern the nature and character of what is heard or felt. The elevation into classic importance of Concord, its philosophers, and its School of Philosophy is due to the influence of their history and teachings in American literature, and it is pleasant to recognize in this work such reverence of their classicism. Mrs. Anagnos has written a prose poem in which the last two sessions of the Concord School of Philosophy, which include that in memory of Emerson, and its lecturers excite her feeling and inspire her thought. It is sung in lofty strains that resemble those of the sacred woods and fount, and themselves are communicative of their spirit. It will be welcomed as an appropriate souvenir.—*Boston Globe*.

* * * * *

OUR NATIONAL FINANCES.

Mr. J.K. Upton used to be Assistant Secretary of the Treasury of the United States. Few men, therefore, have had better opportunities to inform themselves about our national finances. His volume, *Money in Politics*, published by D. Lothrop & Co., price \$1.25, is a full history of the financial policy and legislation of this country. It is of the utmost value as a record, a book of reference, and an expression of sound theories. The intelligent reader cannot repress a feeling of shame that our national history in respect to finance should have been characterized by such continual bungling. The saddest feature in the case is the crass ignorance which Congress usually has displayed. Much of our legislation about money matters has been the merest experimenting, if not worse than this—the deliberate effort to enrich some one class of business men at the expense of the nation.

He utters a solemn warning of the dangers to which we now are exposed through our present acts of coinage and legal tender, whereby our gold coin sooner or later must be driven from the country and our standard must become a silver dollar of light weight and uncertain value. He also shows conclusively the futility of legislation in causing two substances to become and remain of the same value. Mr. Edward Atkinson has furnished the introduction to the book, in which he commends it warmly. While Congress continues to permit the coinage of \$2,000,000 in silver a month, for which there is no demand and the coinage of which merely furnishes a market for the wares of a few owners of silver mines, it is difficult to overstate the need that such books as this

should be circulated and studied attentively throughout the nation. Mr. Atkinson makes an impressive comment, which we quote:

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"The productions of the hen-yards of the United States, according to the census statistics, was, in 1879, 456,910,916 dozen eggs, and, if hens have now increased in the ratio of population, it is now 500,000,000 dozen, which at only ten cents a dozen, would exceed the value of the products of the silver mines.

"It would be vastly more reasonable for Congress to order the compulsory purchase of two million dollars' worth of eggs per month," in order to sustain the hen products of the United States, "than it is to buy two million dollars' worth of silver; because the eggs could be used, or else would rot, while the silver cannot be used, and is expensive to store and to watch (pp. xvi-xvii)."—*Congregationalist*.

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ILLITERACY AND MORMONISM.

Of *Illiteracy and Mormonism*, a brochure from the pen of Doctor Henry Randall Waite, just published by D. Lothrop & Co., the *Boston Daily Transcript* in an advance notice, says:

"In view of the present great interest in the problems treated, and the value of the material which it offers as an aid to their solution, the book is especially timely. Doctor Waite, who was for some time editor of the *International Review*, and whose work is well-known to readers of the standard American periodicals, is one of the clearest-headed of our younger writers on politico-economic subjects, and his views as here set forth demand thoughtful consideration and respect. He brings to the treatment of the subjects included in the title the special knowledge gained in his important official position as statistician of the late census, in charge of some of the most important branches, including education, illiteracy and religious organizations."

The Dover (N.H.) *Star*, says:

"He makes the best argument for the Constitutionality of National Aid [to education] which we have yet seen. It will bear careful consideration by members of Congress."

The *Boston Daily Herald* refers to the author's views as follows:

"One of the most original and valuable contributions yet made to the discussion of the project of extending federal aid to common school education in the States ... The moderation of its tone and the conservatism of its suggestions will commend it to all thoughtful students of this problem, while its statistics, many of which, in their arrangement and application, are substantially new, should have a direct influence in shaping the final action of Congress ... Mr. Waite has given long and careful study to this subject in all its bearings, and he writes with an equipment of information and reflection which has been palpably lacking in much of the Senatorial discussion of it."

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ARCTIC EXPLORATIONS.

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The *New York Independent*, after referring to the various books on Arctic explorations and adventure—the narratives of Kane and Hayes and Gilder and De Long—says of Dr. Nourse's work: "The field of Arctic authorship was not yet, however, covered by any of these works, and it is to the credit of Professor Nourse that he saw what remained to be done. In the work before us he comes into no competition with the literary workers who have preceded him. No one will be the less disposed to read Dr. Kane's chapters, or to peruse Mr. Gilder's, for having read Professor Nourse; nor, on the other hand, will these works prejudice Professor Nourse's chance to be read. His book stands on ground of its own, as the one complete and competent survey of what American explorers have done in the polar zones.... Professor Nourse's volume is embellished with numerous good illustrations, and provided with an excellent and indispensable circumpolar map. It deserves the successful sale we understand it is already receiving."

The *Literary World* in a review of the book says "it is an encyclopaedic review of the whole subject of American enterprise in Arctic seas," and adds: "Professor Nourse's book bears the credentials of accuracy and authority, is well printed and bound, has numerous engravings and useful maps, including some portraits on steel, has a suitable index and table of contents, and furthermore is provided with a bibliography of chief publications on Arctic research since 1818. In every respect, then, it is a well-made book, a solid contribution to popular reading."

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Every boy with a jack-knife in his pocket and his head full of plans will fall to with delight on anything that gives him plenty to do in the boyish line. This is the merit of a little manual just published by the Messrs. D. Lothrop & Co., *A Boy's Workshop, with Plans and Designs for Indoor and Outdoor Work*, by a "Boy and his Friends"; with an introduction by Henry Randall Waite. The little manual goes to work intelligibly, describing the shop, and the tools, giving hints and accurate directions how to make a great variety of things whose uses will be at once apparent to the boyish mind, and suggestions as to other mysteries, the key to which makes any boy who possesses it a king among his mates.

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THE GRAY MASQUE.

The Gray Masque of Mrs. Mary Barker Dodge (D. Lothrop & Co., Boston) has won a series of splendid notices; yet, so far as we know, sufficient stress has not been laid upon the keynote of the volume. *Love*, in its varying phases, sounds through the majority of the verses like the refrain of a song. Sometimes sad, sometimes solemn, oftener gay and hopeful, the differing themes take up, one after another, the burden of the initial poem; and answer, in separate ways, the question there propounded, until the many-sided revelation is found to be fittingly illustrated on the cover by the winged boy, who throws aside the masque of mortality, and, soaring aloft, leaves behind him every earthly doubt and care. The "Dedication" and the concluding poem, the first emotional in its simplicity, the last intellectual in its subtlety, mark the breadth as well as the limits of Mrs. Dodge's poetical expression.—*Baldwin's Monthly*.



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Silica	11.5
Iron and Alumina	0.7
Lime	10.5
Magnesia	1.5
Chlorine	4.6
Ammonia	0.06
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